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MONSTERS
OF THE
MOVIES \$1

AUG. No 8



The Greatest Fright-Film Stars of All Time!

MONSTERSTM

OF THE MOVIES

**BARNABAS
COLLINS...**

THE VAMPIRE SPEAKS!

**PETER
CUSHING...**

THE DRACULA SLAYER!



AMICUS--INSIDE FILMDOM'S FEAR-FACTORY!



THE MAN OF A THOUSAND PHASES

If not the master of make-up that the great actor Lon Chaney was, Peter Cushing, actor supreme, has played many varied and versatile roles. In the top row: A production of *ALEXANDER THE GREAT*; *THE END OF THE AFFAIR* and an adventurer in *SHE*. Bottom row: The classic villain (*THE GORGON*), a character role from *AND NOW THE SCREAMING STARTS* and a moment of pathos from *MADHOUSE*. To this great actor and great man, this issue is fondly dedicated.



STAN LEE presents

MONSTERS

OF THE MOVIES

Volume 1 / Number 8 / Aug. 1975

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Monster mail

We've been getting rather long winded with the lead-ins to this letters pages lately, so we'll try to be brief this time.

Probably the most notable difference about this page is our brand spanking new *MHR* logo created by Barneil Bernin Wrightsman, dynamic demon of the darknight drawing board as a favor to *we* editor lord because we offered him lots of money—he didn't get lots of money, but we promised it to him.). Thanks Bernie (and don't spend it all in one place).

And now, on with the letters...

Dear Sirs:

MOM continues to be the best horror film magazine printed. The articles are more informative than any others, and they are written very well. Your covers are also the best I've seen, but I noticed that in issue #6 your cover design was by Luis Dominguez, who did the cover in #1 which wasn't that good. As I look back, I see that Bob Larkin has done the others. Is this change to be permanent?

Issue #6 was one of the best so far, and I found the *Mummy* article excellently written and illustrated with many stills. It covered the *Universal Mummy* very well, and "The *Mummy's Hammer*" covered the *Hammer Mummy*; but, for a complete "Mummy issue" why wasn't an article on mummies from foreign films printed? The *William Castle* article could have been saved for a future issue, and foreign mummies put in its place. Speaking of the *Castle* article, I'm glad that a film mag is finally recognizing the suspense films from the 60s. Articles on classics from the 30s and 40s, *Hammer* films, and current films are always abundant, but I can never find very many articles on the other classic films from the 60s. By these I mean such films as *THE INNOCENTS*, *DEMENTIA-13*, *BURN WITCH, BURN*, and many more deserving films which have not been covered very well. How about an article on the Roger Corman-Edgar A. Poe adaptations from the 60s? These deserve a lengthy article, or better yet, a series of articles. The *us* far is it worse? *RKO* pictures produced by Val Lewton is the 40s deserve a good article; so do the finer *Samuel* mysteries from the 40s.

Getting back to issue #6, the article on serials was sufficiently nostalgic. It did not mind a little nostalgia thrown into a horror film mag. The *Wills O'Brien* article was much too short and didn't really cover in full O'Brien's career. The *YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN* article was good and gave me what I haven't seen the film on idea of what it's all about. I don't know what those two pages of art were doing on pp. 46-47, but they were very well done. The *ABBY* article was a nice summary of a current film, and the *Castle* article was very good. I'm looking forward to issue #7 featuring *HORROR OF DRACULA*, and I'm

sure I can expect another quality issue. (By the way, who thinks up those subscription advertisements?) Sincerely,

Tom Kenington
Robert Park, CA

Thanks for the kind words and suggestions, Tom. A bit of explanation about pages 46 and 47 for you and others—that was another *Mighty Marvel* Mattie... sort of. The *Young Frankenstein* was supposed to have been eight magazine pages. Somehow it didn't make it and the mistake wasn't caught until practically the day the book had to go to press. Two black pages and no time for copy... and Jolting John Warner caging up and down the halls tearing his hair out. Then we happened across, as if by some crazy sort of providence, those two wonderful *Frankenstein* files. Hopefully people will agree they were markedly better than two black pages. However that doesn't completely excuse us and we apologize. We are trying to keep comics material out of this magazine for the present.

As for the subscription ads, you said that time it had been Tony Isabella, although since then others have filled in.

Sirs—

I am usually apprehensive at the sight of a new horror fan-zine, but having read *M.O.M.* #6 with some pleasure, I felt that I had to write and tell you how pleased I am to see a magazine that aspires to a level above the usual juvenile preoccupation with unfunny monster jokes and photos that we've all seen repeatedly.

Horror and science-fiction seem to attract people out to make a quick buck. As a result, the general public seems to think that a passion for such things is solely the province of pre-teens, half-wits and axe-murderers. It's unfortunate, but it's the sort of attitude that drives me to hide my magazines until I get them home. I'd be really embarrassed to be caught with them.

Actually, I have two suggestions and two requests. First, had you considered a back review column? It's always nice to know about the good (and bad) among the latest books. I also wish that you'd expand the *Monster Scope*. For example, where on TV is that 1971 *Dracula* film with Christopher playing? Certainly not here in Chicago ratings, release dates and a more extensive cast listing might be helpful also.

My first request is for you to print a photo of Robert John who played the dark brother in a 1970 or 71 *Hammer* release called "Creatures of the World Forgot." Some friends of mine are trying to decide if they saw him in *EL TOPO*. I think not.

Finally, what ever happened to Peter Wyngarda? After excellent performances in *THE INNOCENTS*

and *BURN, WITCH BURN*, he made guest appearances on "The Avengers," "The Prisoner" etc., and then seemed to drop out of sight. I always imagined that he'd become popular and I'd like to know what he's doing now.

Jeon Chisseld
4343 N. Keystone
Chicago, IL 60641

Hopefully, Jeon, you've noticed the inclusion of a book review column in this very issue, contained within the pages of *Monsterscope*. As for your request about Peter Wyngarda, to tell the truth we're really not sure. If we find out we'll let people know.

Thanks for the kind words. We agree wholeheartedly with your comments about most magazines of this nature. We are trying, more and more, to be different. Trouble is, we are having trouble convincing the buying public at large. Hopefully, with the support of advisers like yourself (embarrassed or otherwise), we'll make it!

Gentlemen:

Just finished reading a letter from Kathy Field in the *Monster Mail* section of *MOM* issue #6. She inquired about the home addresses of Christopher Lee and Peter Cushing. For her information (and all Chris Lee fans), there is a fan club in England called "The Christopher Lee International Club." This Club is in its 10th year. Mrs. Doreen Hazell, 48 Thelassia Rd., Worthing, Sussex BN 1 2HJ, England, is the President. For 16.00 B.U.S. currency a year you receive 4 or 5 Journals, a signed portrait of Mr. Lee and a biography of all his films. The Journals are very well done. They include questions and answers by Mr. Lee, as well as current information on films, magazine interviews, Club activities, etc. Mrs. Hazell will forward any questions or material directly to Christopher. If you are lucky enough to be in England at the right time, as a member of CLIC, you are very likely to have the honor of meeting the great Christopher Lee. If Kathy writes to Mrs. Hazell, I'm sure she will be able to give her information about a Peter Cushing fan club also.

I think your magazine is terrific! Keep up the good work—especially articles about Christopher Lee.

Sincerely yours,

Marti Altieri
Front Hollow Road
Easton, Pa. 18042

Dear Monsters of the Movies people:

I happened on your magazine purely by mistake while searching for information regarding an "Animals in *Monster Movies*" report I did for a film class I have here at Michigan State University. Your #5 issue, with Goddell, Radon, Mothers, the Gill Man, and others, really added to my information. Don Glet did a truly excellent job, on Goddell and the *Creature from the Black Lagoon*, that is. But, tell me Dan, when are you going to focus in on some special issues regarding *Rodan*, *Mothra*, and the *Flying Turtle*? (It's been so long, I've forgotten his name.) I'd like to see you tell us of the lesser monsters, compared to Goddell, that come out of John International.

In April's issue, with Tony Isabella's article on *Wills O'Brien*, I got the impression that O'Brien did all the *KING* *KONG* flicks, and also the other apes like *THE MIGHTY JOE YOUNG*. Who is responsible for *King Kong* and the mechanical *King Kong* in *KING KONG ESCAPES*?

But, that's the least of my problems. My favorite book store here at M.S.U. that has the first *PLAYBOY*, *SUPERMAN*, and *BATMAN*, etc. doesn't have the first *MONSTERS OF THE MOVIES*. Is it possible to get back copies through you people? I hope so. Looking forward to the next issue.

Keith Wunderlich
254 Abbot Hall Michigan State University
East Lansing, Michigan 48824

Is it possible to get back issues??

Well, since you asked so nicely, not only is it possible to get back issues but, but by popular demand, we've just updated that department, so now you can order more glibly back issues than ever before!

How's that for service?

Incidentally, O'Brien only did the original KING KONG, then went on to other projects like MIGHTY JOE YOUNG. KING KONG ESCAPES was a Japanese film and had nothing to do (save, perhaps, inspiration) with Willis O'Brien.

Dear Stan,

I'd like to ask just one question: I've seen your artist Marie Severin in a lot of your comics, but I've also seen a John Severin. He's done a few covers and stories of the Halk. He also works in CRACKED MAGAZINE. So, I'd like to know if there is any relation between the two?

Jim Flack

591 Oak St. N.E.

St. Petersburg, Florida 33702

Okay, we'll bite. How did your letter over and up in the MONSTERS OF THE MOVIES mailbox? Not that we mind, understand. Heck, we're magnanimous. We'll answer your question even if it isn't about monsters (hmm...on second thought...hey, I was just kidding, Marie, really!)

John and Marie are brother and sister, respectively.

Howzat?

Dear Jim,

When I've only just recovered from that massive letter of about a week ago, and already your next issue is out. However, I have persevered, and will now review it in its contents.

Before I get into it, however, I'd like to say a couple of things about the last three or four issues that I've left out of my last letter. First off, I'd like to say that, for all the complaints I had of some of the interviews, you're mag is really the best, the absolute tops in the field, overshadowing all competitors. Around 52% of everything you've so far done, as a matter of fact, is quite literally perfection itself; and it's only because most of it is so perfect that I carp about the other three percent. Ohh, but don't worry; if you do something wrong, I'll let you know about it!

A few other comments: the interviews have been great, and keep them coming. Even when I don't agree with something the person you're interviewing has to say, I'm glad to know what that person thinks about a given topic. The best interviews and features thus far, by the way, have been those on the creative side of the industry, i.e., the people behind the camera. As an aspiring writer I welcomed the Jeff Rice interview, and the Rick Baker one was even better, particularly the background stuff on him and his make-up techniques. In the same vein, another one of the best things you've ever done was the "Dark Star" article, and the info on their special effects—keep this kind of stuff coming, particularly on independent, young film-makers and films.) Another good thing is the info on little-known stars and films—hey, how about two special columns, one on rare films and their stars, the other on new talent and their productions? And, finally—have artwork and original stories—as well as poems, songs, tributes, maybe even articles and columns if they're good enough—sent in, so that you guys will have more time to do your stuff, and the fans can feel more intimately involved in the making of the mag. Ohh, yeah, one more question—do you fellows really think Paul Naschy can ever really replace Lon Chaney Jr. in the werewolf field?

And now, onto your newest effort:

You tackled another one of my favorite creatures—The Mummy—and have pretty much done him

right. Good things started right off with the Editorial. Not only was it usually witty, well-written and easy-to-read preview, but it also contained quite a bit of information on its own, for a change. That is a good idea; keep it up.

THE MUMMY CHRONICLES were superb, the kind of stuff you fellows do best. Also you treated the later/late Mummy films (as, indeed, you've been doing with most '40s Universal pic) with a bit more insight than is usually done. However I did—for the first and, hopefully, the last time—detect an error in the article: namely, the Mummy didn't have his tongue cut out in the first, 1932 production! That didn't come 'til later in the series...which is good, since it would've been mighty-difficult for him to read the Scroll out loud, or say anything, if it had been! I particularly liked the old pictures and posters; but you left out the interesting story of how, in THE MUMMY'S TOMB, when the young hero took a dive down a stairway during a fight scene with the Mummy, he accidentally burned himself with his own torch. The young man wasn't hurt, but the print looked so good and natural (good reason for that) that it is in the final film.

I'd been waiting for you to get around to the series, and NEXT WEEK THE MONSTER STRIKES was everything I thought it should be and more! A simply terrific article, with a staggering amount of information. It was so filled with facts that I read it twice to make sure I got it all! MONSTERSCOPE continued its winning ways—I particularly enjoyed the info on a recent personal favorite, CHOSEN SURVIVORS—but didn't your reviewer come down just a little bit too hard on CRAZE? I thought some of it—particularly the acting—was very good (you're right about Cohen's HORRORS OF THE BLACK MUSEUM being better, though). THE MAN WHO MADE MONSTERS? better for that cliché title, was also brilliant; a beautiful stirring tribute to one of the giants of the profession. Do the same for Harryhausen some time, huh? THE YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN preview was also very good, though I must admit I didn't read all of it for fear of spoiling the film. The photos and much of the background material, though, were excellent. (And I loved that centerpiece artwork! More of it, please, as it was truly impressive!)

ABBY, however, I think I'll wait for it until it turns up on tv. That plot is a bit too like THE EXORCIST for real comfort! The background info was okay, but even that looked like a direct steal from the aforementioned film (they had quite a few funny things happen to them, too, you know—ohh yea, and when we're going to get on "Exorcist" article?)

But you were right back on top with "William Castle: The Skeleton in his Closet." Beautiful! In my opinion, Mr. Castle is one of the unsung heroes of the low-budget horror film, a total professional with a consummate skill and pride in his work who knows how to make a good, scary, fun movie. You told his story excellently, from the early successes as a mystery movie director in the forties (THE WHISTLER, THE CRIME DOCTOR, THE MANHUNT, etc.) to the widely flamboyant, gimmicked, and totally successful horror films of the fifties (and terrifying too—in fact, it was THE HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL that first hooked me on the horror genre) to the more subtle psychological horror films and comedies of the sixties (D21, THE NIGHT WALKER, THE OLD DARK HOUSE) to his (literally!) emergence as a major horror film talent with ROSEMARY'S BABY and SHANKS. In my opinion, his films are among the most frightening ever made; and Castle can also do comedy (Immense examples) and adventure stories (RIDOT). But some things were missing: namely, GHOST STORY—the late, lamented, above-average anthology series that Castle backed; UNDERTOW, a terrific crime film Castle produced that is notable for its surprisingly weird, unexpected clues; and THE PEPHAETUS PLAQUE (not, well, maybe you'll give us a preview

of it when it is finally released). I wouldn't have minded an interview, either—but just as well; please do interview you did for Castle for Irwin Allen (another much-maligned film-maker), Roddenberry and (of course!) Desi Arnaz. Telling you, know, Jim, is really one of the most important elements in the peculiar art of the horror film (if you don't have it, you might as well give up), and it also seems to me that both Castle and Curtis are masters of this talent.

The Letters page was excellent, as usual; you people pick the best letters and also write the best answers. I agree with Paul Tabli about lesser-known stars and grade-C films, with Dale Closures about ratings information on films; and R.A. Brothers about science-fiction and especially television instead of trying to cover an immense field in just an article, you could have a whole issue of MOM devoted to tv, complete with made-for-tv movies, ABC's Wide World of Entertainment mysteries, Desi Curtis' tv work, and the recent explosion of new versions of old classics on the tube.) But the best news was of the upcoming interviews with Jonathan Frid and Harryhausen—(like man, wow! (Ohh, about Jon Shane—maybe they are bad copies whenever Shane is, but here in Connecticut the story is exactly the opposite!))

THE MUMMY'S HAMMER was more of the same—another marvelous article. I'm running out of adjectives to describe your stories—all I can say is, all Hall, Desi! I especially liked what you had to say about BLOOD FROM THE MUMMY'S TOMB.

And finally, I know Marvel can do just about anything—but an entire issue on just one movie???? Maybe, maybe, but...ohh, well, it's a brilliant movie, and I have confidence.

Until then—Make Mine Marvel (Monsters, that is!)

Matthew Seitz
132 Cornwall Avenue
Norwich, Conn.

Dear Sir:

YES: the Universal Mummy was created within and for the movies but however he is to be found within fantasy literature.

Just to send you many myriad millions of readers scurrying to the nearest library or bookstore, one can find Robert S. Carr's "Spider Bite" originally published in 1950 by Street & Smith publications within August Derleth's excellent anthology "The Sleeping And The Dead." Also in this volume may be found Clark Ashton Smith's "The Double Shadow" and Hazel Heald's "Out of the East." This story incidentally was extensively rewritten and revised by our newly discovered or re-discovered great master of horror and fantasy fiction Howard Phillips Lovecraft.

Incidentally I would like to see all three of Derleth's fantasy anthologies re-printed as paperbacks and advertised within your covers for your readers. The Tab up is: "Who Knocks," "Sleep No More," and "The Sleeping and the Dead."

"Who Knocks" published in 1945 by Rinehart & Co., New York; "Sleep No More" published in 1944 by Farrar & Rinehart Inc., New York; and "The Sleeping and the Dead" published in 1947 by Pellegrin & Cady, Chicago.

Good reading to you.

Henry O. Slobas III
8 Grosvenor Street
East Lynn, Mass. 01902

And good reading to all of you—in our next issue, "Watch Until then, let us know what you thought of this issue. The address is:

MONSTERS OF THE MOVIES
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New York, N.Y. 10022

EDITORIAL

Peter Cushing is unquestionably one of the all-time greats of horror films, and it is with pleasure that we dedicate this issue of **MONSTERS OF THE MOVIES** to him. It is a good thing to pay tribute to a man while he is still alive and vital. That does not always happen.

As I write this, Charles Chaplin has just been made a knight by Queen Elizabeth at the age of eighty-five. (Certain of his pictures like **MODERN TIMES** and **THE GREAT DICTATOR** are delightful fantasies, so I think it appropriate to mention him in a magazine devoted to fantasy.) While such an honor is never too late, it is very late. How much better it would have been to honor Chaplin and Groucho Marx

him, full of thrills and chills for us all.

This issue, like all the others, is the product of many people. We have to thank Eric Hoffman, Cushing Fan Extraordinary, for his facts and photos. He, in turn, would like to thank photographer Dave Ichikawa, Eddie Brandt of the Saturday Matinee movie memorabilia store in Hollywood, and two editors of fan magazines with professional polish, Richard Klemensen of *Little Shoppe of Horrors Magazine*, and Sam Irvine, Jr. of *Bizarre Magazine*.

Naturally, I must gratefully acknowledge the help of all the West Coast Marvel crew—Ron Haydock, Don Glut, Bill Warren and the rest—because if I didn't they might reveal to the world some nefarious fact about me (such as that

I have a Tom Mix toy telegraph set on my mantel shelf). In New York, I have to thank John Warner for many things (such as reading my handwriting on occasions), Marv Wolfman for a number of things (like sending my paycheck), and Editor Emeritus Roy Thomas for giving me this job in the first place. As for Stan Lee—well, I've got to thank him for keeping me from being the *only* person in the world who remembers *Chandu the Magician* on the radio. (Come to think of it, author Ray Bradbury also remembers *Chandu*.) If it wasn't old hat, I would even thank you—our loyal readers. What the heck—I'll even do that!

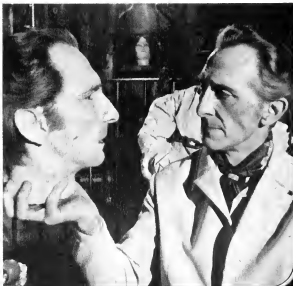
—JIM HARMON

BULLPEN WEST

with Academy Awards when they could have accepted them and walked off confidentially, even in their vigorous sixties or seventies. Did even Jack Benny realize how much the world thought of him? Why weren't those tributes on the air while he was alive to see them?

Fortunately, Boris Karloff did receive much of the tribute due him while he was alive. On the other hand, Bela Lugosi never knew the degree of fan following he has today while he was with us. Certain other horror favorites like Glen Strange or Rondo Hatton may have never received a fan letter in their lives. (Most people never realized Karloff stopped playing the Frankenstein Monster, and that Strange played the part in the last entries in the series.)

This then is our fan letter to Peter Cushing, presented to him when he is at an age which in these modern times can only be considered his middle years. We look forward to many more productive years from



Peter Cushing, this is your life—more or less. It is at least your screen life, which is itself a monumental list of achievements. I am frankly quite pleased and proud to be a part of this tribute to one of the finest actors in the horror genre. All too often, horror films become victims of being all too conscious that they are a genre, one that has a tendency to become overly formulaized. Producers, directors—even writers—often fail to stop and think that to be a good horror film, it must first be a good film. That's not snobbery, just simple common sense. How exceptional to find a man who can treat a fanciful character like Abraham Van Helsing with the same seriousness and skill as he uses to play Osiric in Laurence Olivier's *HAMLET*.

However, I think this issue handles its task well—I hope Mr. Cushing will be pleased. But rather than



boards, going over the pictures to see if there are any that lend themselves to unusual or especially creative placement. Time and again I may have something specific in mind, which she will advise me on the feasibility of and even improve it with suggestions of her own. She decides

pages less (of actual material) for your hard-earned dollar. Money had to be cut somewhere. The reduction in pages, plus the wrap-around binding (instead of squareback) saves the money that we were starting to lose. And we felt that cutting the 8 pages (approximately

BULLPEN EAST

reiterate what Doug Moench, Jim Harmon, Russ Jones and the like have already said elsewhere in this issue. I'd like to devote a little space to a few relatively unsung heroes without whom this issue wouldn't look half as good.

Foremost in that department is Bashful Barbara Altman, whose name has been listed on each and every contents page under the somewhat vague heading of design. She is the one with the monumental task of transforming stacks of edited type-written sheets and handfulls of loose photos into the physical and aesthetic appearance you see before you now.

So blame Barbara!

Seriously, while Barbara and I work in tandem, through frequent conferences and constant cross-checks with each other, it is Barbara who does the bulk of visual work with this magazine. First I tell her how many magazine pages I or Jim wish to allot for an article and she "types" for type size and style. When the galleys come in she lays out the

what display type would look good for the titles and whether or not a border is needed. All in all, she has one heck of a hand in the outcome of the final product and I think it's about time she got some recognition for it.

Also, let us not forget Nifty Nora MacLin, Barbara's equally talented ably abetting accomplice. A big thanks to both of you (And need we mention that they also do the laudible layouts on *PLANET OF THE APES*, *THE DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU* and any other bombastic Black-and-Whites that have article sections? We didn't think so!)

Okay, kimosabe—serious time. A bit of warning. *MONSTERS OF THE MOVIES* is not doing as well as it should. Sales have been dropping lately. Maybe it's just a weird fluctuation, maybe it's inflation-recession- whatever they're choosing to call it when you read this. Maybe—maybe not. Certainly, you've already noticed the change of size in this magazine. You're getting approximately 8

ten percent of the mag) would be better than our only other alternative, going to a \$1.25 cover price (a jump of twenty-five per cent).

The point is, were not out of the woods yet—the rest is up to you. No, *MONSTERS OF THE MOVIES* has not been cancelled. But if the current sales pattern (we only have reports up to issue #5) maintains itself, it will be. No hype—YOU make or break this magazine. If you really don't want it, we'd do better to devote our energies to something you do want.

Don't say you weren't warned!

On a lighter note, next issue will feature a special surprise treat for any an all Star Trek devotees. Hope we see you there!

—JOHN WARNER

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Special thanks go out to The American Broadcasting Company-ABC-TV (Vic Ghedalia), American International Pictures Corporation (Lawrence Stenfield), D/R Films, Byrstone Pictures (Horrorhouse Schorr) and Russ Jones (for invaluable research and other footwork).

PETER CUSHING:

Thespian Terror Titan





Cushing's more classic role as vampire hunter—Doctor Van Helsing—flaunting a vial of Holy Water, as Baron Meinster (David Peel) clutches his face in agony from the water Van Helsing has already splashed

By Doug Moench

Colin Clive played the doctor named Frankenstein who dared emulate God in the miraculous creation of life.

Basil Rathbone donned deerstalker cap, hound's-tooth rain cape, meerschaum pipe, and with phenomenal powers of deduction and perception, assumed the guise of Sherlock Holmes in relentless pursuit of The Hound of the Baskervilles.

Edward van Sloan took up crucifix and austere stolidity to essay the role of Abraham Van Helsing in a cat-and-mouse vendetta with the heinous Count Dracula, prince of darkness and depravity.

Noble Johnson participated in an archeological expedition which led across the trackless Egyptian deserts into a fateful confrontation with a living Mummy.

... and so did Peter Cushing—in lustrous color, no less.

The thirties in America (specifically Universal Studios) served as the fertile spawning ground for a phantasmagorical plethora of monsters and maniacs, malevolent magicians and mad M.D.s, murderers and miscreants, creatures and creeps, hideous horrors and harassing henchmen—in short, a copious cornucopia of clammy creeps to slither rippling shivers up the stiffened spines of wide-eyed children and veteran theater-goers

alike. It started in a trickle with DRACULA, built to a stream with FRANKENSTEIN, burgeoned into a flow with THE MUMMY, and from there gushed into a torrent of releases which constituted the most overpowering flood of genre films to that date. The genre was horror. And it was overwhelmingly successful.

Success in the world of film is synonymous with imitation . . . or, to be more charitable, repetition. Thus, even long after the horror cycle had completed its astonishing whirl and had spiraled downward into obscurity, a second wave of filmic horror was unleashed upon the waiting public. But this time the churning riptide originated in Britain, circa 1959.

And just as America's Universal Studios in the 30's had a regular stable of horror actors which included Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi, and Lon Chaney, England's Hammer Studios of the 60's boasted the talents of two performers who would so completely immerse themselves in roles of filmic horror that to this day they are seldom recognized in any other context or even *thought of* in conjunction with any other genre of film. Their names are Christopher Lee and Peter Cushing, and they they have functioned as a team to a greater extent than Karloff and Lugosi ever did.

Times change. A screen which was once draped in



Cushing was featured as Captain Clegg in the 1962 Hammer release, *NIGHT CREATURES*, actually based on the well-known *Dr. Sin* books. Legal complications with Disney Studios forced the sudden name change.

black and white and myriad shades of drab gray is now spectacularly bathed in neon-brilliant spectrum of color. Sporadic plots and screenplays which appealed to the overly sensitive and squeamish audiences of the 30's have been replaced by dynamically frenzied exercises in sensationalism liberally garnished with weltering saturations of gore. Pedestrianly slow camera manipulation has been superseded by abruptly dazzling pans interlaced with shock cuts and rapid-fire closeups. Subdued lighting has been intensified to blinding brilliance. Half-hearted shadows have been blackened to a stygian mire of opaque darkness. Screen-size has changed; 16 and 35 mm film has given way to Panavision and Cinema-scope.

Acting, too, has changed. The stodgy, slow-motion school of stage acting employed in films of the 30's has evolved into a more sophisticated and subtle mode of emotion and character delineation. It's crisp and cool now, more *natural*.

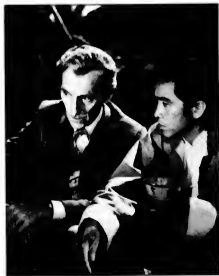
And Peter Cushing is the prime exponent of its values and virtues.

Raised in Kenley, a small village in Surrey, England, Cushing remembers being profoundly fascinated with the celluloid exploits of Tom Mix, to the point of reenacting specific scenes in his back yard. It was not until his late teens, however, that he identified this fascination as a desire to pursue a career of acting rather than merely a child's simple delight with a movie idol. He began answering ads in "The Stage," a theatrical trade paper much like *Variety*, but to no avail. Thinking for some reason that his name might be a deterrent to success, he

changed it to Peter Ling. His luck, alas, did *not* change and when a prospective employer replied by mail to one of his offers: "I'm afraid there aren't many opportunities for a Chinese actor in the repertory business," Peter Ling retired and Peter Cushing was reborn.

Finally, after much perseverance and at the age of 21, Cushing landed the small role of a creditor in the stage production of J. B. Priestly's *CORNELIUS*. His professional debut as an actor, it subsequently secured him a position with a touring repertory for the ensuing four years, Cushing looks back on the experience as a formal training ground, a period in which he learned more about the craft of acting than in the collective years since.

Hollywood's glittering allure beckoned and, with Fifty Pounds he'd managed to save in his four years of touring, Peter set out for the land of milk, honey, and overnight stardom. But it didn't work out that way at all. The only part he managed to secure was one which, through a fluke of trick photography, prevented him from appearing on the screen! James Whale was making *THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK*, a film in which Louis Hayward played a dual role of twins—an evil brother and, predictably, a good brother. Split-screen photography would later mesh his two separate performances into simultaneous presences on the screen, but during the actual filming Hayward decided he would like to "play off" a substitute actor for inspiration. Ordinarily, Hayward would act out the role of one brother with a script-girl standing out of camera-range, reading the other brother's lines—purely for timing—in a dull lifeless monotone. But Hayward wanted to try an experiment; get a real actor, dress him in costume, and have him deliver the lines with proper drama. Perhaps, Hayward postulated, it would better establish him in the appropriate mood and result in a more inspired performance. So Peter got the job. Hayward played the



good brother against Peter's bad brother; they then switched roles so that Hayward played the part of the *bad* brother (the part Peter had just played) and Peter played the good brother (the part which Hayward had just played). Both of Hayward's performances were then matched together and both of Peter's were simply disposed of.

After a discouraging beginning like that, there was

In FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE, Cushing plays the strange proprietor of an even stranger little shop called Temptations Ltd.



nowhere to go but up... and into the part of second male lead in a film called *VIGIL IN THE NIGHT* with Brian Aherne and Carole Lombard. That started the ball rolling, and when it nudged into the feet of Laurence Olivier, the famed Shakespearean actor took notice of Cushing and offered him the role of Osric in the film version of *HAMLET*. After the film, Peter retained the role through an Old Vic Australian tour with Olivier.

Then, in 1951, came three solid years of British television during which Cushing became a favorite of James Carerras, who would later spearhead the Hammer Films renaissance of horror films.

Peter had been impressed with one of Hammer's early endeavors, *X THE UNKNOWN* (one of the "Quartermass" series), and learning of the proposed remake of *FRANKENSTEIN*, he elected to request the part.

He got it.

Playing the infamous mad doctor obsessed with the creation of life, Peter crossed professional paths with Christopher Lee, who assumed the role of Franken-

stein's hideous creation (actually they had appeared together before, in John Huston's *MOULON ROUGE*). The film was called *THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN*, and it struck sparks which are still glowing today. A resounding box-office smash, it stimulated a cycle of horror films which is still going strong and which has long since eclipsed the Universal canon of the 30's.

Cushing has gone on, since then, to play Dr. Frankenstein in a total of six Hammer films: *CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN*, *REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN*, *EVIL OF FRANKENSTEIN*, *FRANKENSTEIN CREATED WOMAN*, *FRANKENSTEIN MUST BE DESTROYED*, and *FRANKENSTEIN AND THE MONSTER FROM HELL*. Each portrayal has been faithfully consistent with Cushing's interpretation of Frankenstein, and an example of crisply authoritarian characterization.

The first Frankenstein film evidently established the precedent for future screen teamups between Cushing and Lee; Cushing would invariably play the human—usually the "Good Guy"—against Lee's make-up-gobbed monster.

For example: Hammer's 1959 version of *THE MUMMY* with Lee in the gauze-bound title role and Cushing playing one of the expedition members whose name is prominent on the Mummy's scorecard of victims.

And *HORROR OF DRACULA*, perhaps Hammer's most excellent film to date, in which Lee plays Dracula, and Cushing the devout and resourceful Van Helsing. Curiously, Cushing went on to portray Van Helsing in Hammer's next vampire film, *BRIDES OF DRACULA*, in which both Dracula and Chris Lee are conspicuously absent. And from there on, beginning with *DRACULA: PRINCE OF DARKNESS*, and fang-ing its way through some eight more Drac films, we are treated with Lee in the Dracula characterization, but no Van Helsing or Peter Cushing. Until, that is,



The title characters of Hammer's NIGHT CREATURES, which starred Peter Cushing, Yvonne Romain and Oliver Reed.

DRACULA A.D. 72, in which Peter essays both the part of the original Van Helsing, in a six-minute prologue, and Van Helsing's descendant for the remainder of the film.

THE GORGON, in '64, united Cushing and Lee again, and again in their traditionally contrasting guises of good and evil.



The three most famous faces of Peter Cushing. Respectively: Baron Frankenstein (from THE EVIL OF FRANKENSTEIN), Doctor Van Helsing (from HORROR OF DRACULA) and Sherlock Holmes (from THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES). These are specially prepared publicity stills.

Hammer's 1959 remake of THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES cast Lee in the role of Sir Henry Baskerville and Cushing as the redoubtable Sherlock Holmes—a character for which Cushing seems abundantly appropriate, both in physical appearance and personality construction. Indeed, Cushing's Holmes is even more satisfying than Basil Rathbone's interpretation of the same character, so much so that the fact Cushing has never repeated the role becomes inexplicable and exasperating.

By this time, Peter was enjoying financial security and the comfort of his wife Helen's company in their cottage situated in Whitstable. Breaks in filming facilitated stints at painting for the versatile Mr. Cushing, a hobby he combines with building model airplanes, raising tropical fish, and collecting model soldiers and cigarette cards.

But acting, apparently, is his prime passion, and when Hammer proved unable to fully occupy the ubiquitous Cushing, he began to accept roles from Amicus Productions. The word *amicus* means "friend" and alludes to the association between Max J. Rosenberg and Milton Subotsky, co-producers for the company. In 1964, Cushing was joined by his old Hammer partner, Chris Lee, in an Amicus production called DR. TERROR'S HOUSE OF HORRORS. The film was an anthology movie comprised of four separate segments bridged together via a common narration device. And it must have seemed like old home week, since it was directed by Freddie Francis, one of Hammer's first and most important directors.

Since '64, Cushing has alternated performances between Hammer and Amicus, remarkably distinguishing himself at both companies. For Amicus: THE SKULL in '65 (again with Lee and again directed by Freddie Francis); DR. WHO AND THE DALEKS also in '65 (a delightfully whimsical science-fiction fantasy aimed at a younger audience); SCREAM AND SCREAM AGAIN in '69 (directed by Gordon Hessler); THE HOUSE THAT DRIPPED BLOOD in '70 (another anthology film with screenplay by Robert Bloch); I, MONSTER in '70 (with Chris Lee again, this time in a Jekyll/Hyde remake); TALES FROM THE



Another special publicity still made at Shepperton Studios while filming DR. WHO AND THE DALEKS. Standing on the prop plane, going clockwise, are Peter Cushing (with white hair), Roy Castle, Jennie Linden and Roberto Tovey.

CRYPT in '71 (an anthology of five tales adapted from the late EC comics, this film is also unique in that it marks Cushing's first and only role as a genuine makeup-gobbed monster: Grimsdyke, the rotting corpse who returns from the grave); ASYLUM in '72 (another Robert Bloch anthology); and AND NOW THE SCREAMING STARTS! also in '72 (directed by another Hammer veteran, Roy Ward Baker).

Cushing's appearances in Hammer films are even more numerous, and again almost exclusively confined to horror roles. Even films such as H. Rider Haggard's SHE AND NIGHT CREATURES, which do not strictly fall within the literal parameters of the "horror film," somehow manage to evince an aura peculiarly characteristic to the genre. But unlike some actors who disdain being categorized as "horror actors," Peter finds nothing to be ashamed of: "I don't mind at all that people refer to me as 'a horror actor' because in this unpredictable profession actors are awfully lucky. They're doing something they love, earning a living at it, and the end product, we hope, provides pleasure. And for any



A strange, ironic reversal of type-casting... Peter Cushing plays Dracula in the French production of TENDER DRACULA.



A poignant study of Cushing now, as Herbert Flay, from one of his most recent films, MADHOUSE, released by American International

actor to be associated with a form of success like Hammer's is wonderful, and if that means being identified as "a horror actor," then I think it's the most marvelous thing that could happen to me."

Nor does Cushing contemplate horror roles in the context of fluff or non-serious mediocrity. Rather, he professes genuine pride in his work. "When you're dealing with these pictures, which are concerned with the impossible, you have to believe in it and love it yourself if you're going to expect an audience to believe or accept it. That's the way I approach any role I play, be it Dr. Frankenstein or Oseir in HAMLET—with equal seriousness. That's the only way to approach my work."

Unlike many other actors who yearn for the privilege of directing a film, acting seems to be Mr. Cushing's one cup of tea. "I don't think I know enough of the technical

side of directing. I might be able to help a few actors with what I've learnt or been taught. But the pressure on a director is enormous. It isn't just directing a scene; you've got to think about tomorrow's work, tomorrow's scene, the call sheet, and half a dozen other scenes. There are so many mundane distractions from your function as an artist. You've got to think about the budget, and you've continually got people buzzing around and breathing down your neck."

Although his wife Helen's death of several years ago precipitated a period of depression and inactivity, Peter has since recovered and immersed himself in his work with renewed fervor. Just recently he has completed at least five films, including HORROR EXPRESS with Telly Savalas and a walk-on role in DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN, and has a future itinerary which includes many more.

In January of 1973, London's National Film Theater hosted a Peter Cushing Retrospective film showing. Features included HORROR OF DRACULA, CASH ON DEMAND, I, MONSTER, VIGIL IN THE NIGHT, CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN; FLESH AND THE HOUNDS; ISLAND OF TERROR; NIGHT OF THE BIG HEAT, and DR. TERROR'S HOUSE OF HORRORS. The highlight of the program was a lecture given by Cushing himself, in which he both expressed his gratitude for the honor and discussed experiences encountered during the production of the various films screened.

Asked what the future holds, Cushing replied. "More work. Lots of it."

And will Peter Cushing ever forsake acting? "No. I don't think actors ever retire." He smiled. "I don't think any of them could afford to. I don't think they want to. I certainly don't."



Major Benedek (Cushing) interrogates Konratz over reports on his incredible brutality in SCREAM AND SCREAM AGAIN (1970)

ENTER

By Ron Haydock

THE



American International's MADHOUSE starring Vincent Price, Peter Cushing, Robert Quarry and Adrienne Corri is what's known in the film business as a "movie-movie": MADHOUSE is a film about making movies—In this case, making a new horror television series called *Dr. Death*.

Filmed on location in and around London and at Twickenham Studios, MADHOUSE was directed by James Clark, produced by Max J. Rosenberg and Milton Subotsky (of Amicus Productions) and based on the horror novel DEVILDAY by Angus Hall. It tells of actor Paul Toombes (Vincent Price), a veteran Hollywood horror star who, back in the early fifties, stood trial in Hollywood for the fiendish murder of his actress-fiancee Ellen (Julie Crosthwaite). Although acquitted, the

resulting scandal shattered Toombes' career resulting in a nervous breakdown. But now, twenty years of solitude later, Toombes has been persuaded by film producer Oliver Quayle (Robert Quarry) to make a comeback in a new London television series based on Toombes' old *Dr. Death* movies that first brought him world fame.

Toombes had known Quayle back in the old days and had detested him as a maker of cheap Hollywood quickies, but the troubled horror star accepts the offer to return to movie work. Welcoming him back to his famous *Dr. Death* role is Herbert Flay (Peter Cushing), an old Hollywood actor-friend who has also been cast in the new *Dr. Death* television venture.

But strange things begin happening around Paul Toombes.

MADHOUSE





Slowly the terror begins to spread leaving a trail of blood, all of which leads to Paul Toombs



Oliver Quayle (Robert Quarry), unhappy about the bad publicity that's starting to stir around his production, questions Toombs (Vincent Price) as Flav (Peter Cushing) looms in the background

First, pressure begins building on the veteran horror star when he's questioned by Scotland Yard's Inspector Harper (John Garrie) about his association with Elizabeth Peters (Linda Hayden), an attractive though irritating young actress Toombes became involved with during his ocean voyage to England. The girls' body was found floating in a rowboat on the River Thames. Then Toombes' professionalism is assaulted by the rather unprofessional behavior of his co-workers on the *Dr Death* series: by his incompetent, trouble-making co-star, Carol (Jenny Lee Wright), and by producer Quayle himself. Toombes becomes even more unnerved when a heavy canopy over a bed on which he is about to enact a *Dr Death* scene suddenly comes crashing down on Blount (Barry Dennen), the director of the new horror program.

The final blow comes when two more girls with whom he is now associated are found murdered. Like his fiancée, Ellen, twenty years before, the women were murdered by methods similar to those used by the *Dr Death* character in Toombes' early horror movies.

"Is it possible," Inspector Harper wonders, "that Paul Toombes is an actor who does in real life what he does on the screen?"

Himself shattered by these horrendous crimes, Toombes also begins wondering if he is in the grip of diabolical impulses totally beyond his control. In one startling sequence of the film he even sets out to destroy himself.

Finding the studio publicity girl Julia (Natasha Pyne) murdered in his dressing room, Toombes carries the dead girl in his arms and, staggering takes the girl's corpse to the soundstage where he has been filming the *Dr Death* series. After placing her corpse in a chair, he deliberately sets the whole soundstage on fire while the cameras turn.

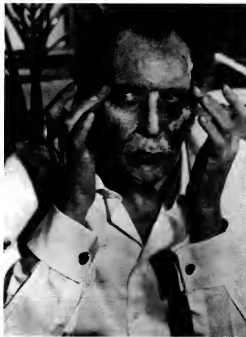
With everybody thinking Toombes is dead now, Herbert Flay wins the leading role in the *Dr Death* show. But later, when Flay goes down to the set and turns on the videotape which contains scenes of the soundstage fire, he is seized by Paul Toombes—who is still alive, though now terribly burned and disfigured. In Toombes' grip of death, Flay admits that he was the one who had perpetrated all the murders in order to drive Toombes mad so Flay could get the role of *Dr Death* for himself.

After murdering Flay, Toombes returns to his make-up kit and cleverly begins making himself up to look exactly like Herbert Flay. He will report to work the next day as Flay and fill out Flay's new contract as the star of *Dr Death*!

"The thing that makes Vincent Price such a great actor in a film like this is that he takes it very, very seriously," said director James Clark, talking about his film *MADHOUSE*. "I know he's fond of jokingly describing himself as an 'old ham' but don't you believe it. There are many actors who would really be hams in a role like this. Vincent transcends it. A ham actor, you see, doesn't believe in what he's doing, whereas Vincent goes off into another world. He plays the role for absolute real and with utter conviction."

MADHOUSE is Clark's third feature film as a director. Previously he directed two comedies, *EVERY HOME SHOULD HAVE ONE* and *RENTADICK*. "But *MADHOUSE* is *not*," he quickly emphasized, "a tongue-in-cheek horror send-up like Vincent Price's two *DR. PHIBES* films. We never touch on the area of black comedy," he said.

Glad to talk about making movies, Clark said he



Vincent Price applying touches of make-up in a publicity shot from American International's *MADHOUSE*.

began in the film business as a cutter and then a film editor with some of the world's top directors, including Jack Clayton, who directed the highly acclaimed, terrifyingly real *THE INNOCENTS*. Clark, who in fact edited *THE INNOCENTS*, called it essentially an "atmosphere" movie, one that was enhanced by extremely careful editing.

"A lot of really creative editing went into *THE INNOCENTS*," he recalled, adding that he also tried to give *MADHOUSE* "this quality of strange and brooding tension with overtones of horror."

Clark said that he gave up editing, temporarily at least, for directing because he was bored. Also because he believed that, actually, women make better film editors than men.

"Film editing means being cooped up for days, weeks, months in a small room surrounded by miles of film. There you work with a male producer or director, or both, constantly watching over your shoulder, telling you what and what not to do. They can be meddling, interfering and often infuriatingly dictatorial in their demands. They become, in fact, a dominating influence and men don't like being dominated by men. But whatever the women libbers may say, a lot of women not only accept male domination but actually like it!"

These are, I should add, merely one man's opinions.

Clark compared film editing to knitting a sweater with a complicated design. "A woman labors away at it for weeks, maybe months, and when it's finished she finds it's not quite right. So she unravels the whole thing, puts it back into balls of wool and starts all over again. Film editing is very like that. It means endlessly cutting and recutting joins, finding strips of film that have been filed away in cans, trying out scenes this way and that. Then, having put the whole thing together, you find it doesn't work. So, like knitting a sweater, you take it all to pieces and begin again.

"For a man, all this can be very tedious and boring. But women have more patience. They are better suited, temperamentally, for this kind of 'filigree' work. Women are also basically happy when they've achieved the position of chief editor. It's an ambition fulfilled, and they are content to stay there. Very few want to move on to become directors or producers. I'm sure," Clark smiled, "there have been many notable romances between women editors and male directors and producers over movieolas in the cutting rooms of the world!"

Clark said he switched to directing because he had spent too many years boxed up in claustrophobic cutting rooms.

"They were enjoyable years, yes, but in the end I began to feel I was no longer in touch with life. I was living vicariously, through a movieola, in a world of other people's fantasies. Psychologically, this can be a bad

thing if you do it too long. You get the feeling of being isolated. Life outside the cutting room walls seems to be passing you by. So I took a camera and went out and directed a documentary of my own, which my wife then edited. It was an unpretentious little effort about a Welsh mining village. It won an award at the Tours (France) Film Festival for Short Films and this brought me to the notice of Granada Television who put me to work on a couple of TV films.

"But nobody can teach you how to edit film," Clark commented. "It just isn't a business of topping and tailing the footage the director shoots and passes on to you. It can often be a matter of re-interpreting the material, sometimes, almost, of remaking the film. Almost anyone," he said, "given a bit of basic training, can cut a film. But it takes a bit of extra 'magic' to be an editor-in-chief. It calls for a built-in ability to judge tempo and rhythm, to know instinctively where a split-second cut is going to be important and telling."

Finished directing MADHOUSE, Clark said he may direct another "atmosphere" film. "This time about the occult," he said. "There are other subjects I'd like to direct too. I prefer directing to editing, although I'm aware I'm better at the latter. Editing," he said, "is for me simpler and more secure. You don't have to make the same instant and irrevocable decisions.

"That's the thing about directing that always terrifies me!" said James Clark.



Another publicity still. Here, Vincent Price gets a little help with his make-up

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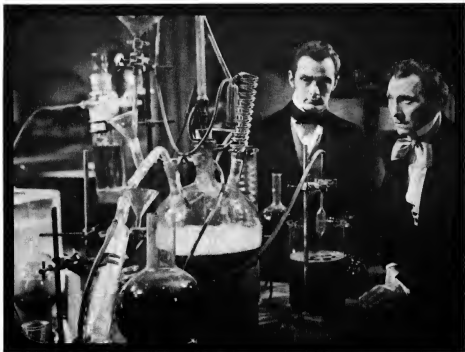
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"Dr. Frankenstein,



I Presume"





Baron Frankenstein (Cushing) inspects his lab equipment as Hans Klove (Francis Matthews) looks on in Hammer's second Frankenstein entry, *REVENGE*

Peter Cushing took the character of Doctor Frankenstein—a role which, traditionally, was secondary to that of his monster—and made him the focal point of this exciting British film series. And Mary Shelly will never be the same . . .

By Don Glut

There is a substantial number of people—not necessarily “in the know” film buffs, but quite intelligent, even learned human beings—to whom the name “Frankenstein” would be accredited to a certain shambling monster with electric bolts in his neck. It’s a common enough misconception . . . and we probably have Universal Pictures to blame!

When Universal made its series of films based on Mary Shelly’s classic novel, *FRANKENSTEIN*, back in the 1930s and ’40s, it was actually the adventures of the monster that were being chronicled. The various Dr. Frankensteins, more and more so as the series progressed, remained in the background—mere supporting characters. Colin Clive, the best of the “Dr. Frankensteins,” only managed to survive two of the

films; *FRANKENSTEIN* (1931) and its sequel, *BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN* (both directed by James Whale). Yet his creation continued to endure, in spite of the various sulphur baths, fires and floods of the remaining movies. Whether this approach was intentional from the onset, it was certainly intensified by superb make-up and the casting of a brilliant young (and relatively unknown) actor, Boris Karloff, as the monster. One sometimes wonders what might have happened if this same new actor had played the good Doctor.

Perhaps it was because Universal had copyrighted their own visual interpretation of the Monster that steered Hammer Films away from a similarly handled series when they produced *THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN* in 1956. Then again, maybe the film’s director, Terence Fisher, felt restricted in placing emphasis upon such a limited character. Whatever his reasons, Hammer shifted the emphasis away from the lumbering Monster and brought its unorthodox creator into the foreground—a decision which has proved most satisfactory!

Except for the exuberant Colin Clive in the first two Universal Frankenstein films, the actors who played the infamous doctor (& sons) were disappointing. In *SON OF FRANKENSTEIN* (1939), Basil Rathbone (as son

Wolf) overacted to the point of providing unintentional humor. Sir Cedric Hardwicke (as "second son" Ludwig) in *THE GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN* was his usual stuffy, dull self, hardly a character to steal any of the attention away from the Monster.

It comes as an interesting coincidence that the actor who would, some two decades later, be chosen by Anthony Hinds to immortalize this previously weak character for Hammer's *THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN* had worked with director James Whale (in the 1939 swashbuckler *THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK*).

That actor was Peter Cushing!

Cushing had been portraying character parts in motion pictures since the 1930s but, like Boris Karloff, it took a "Frankenstein" film to bring him to world-wide recognition. And, just as Karloff will eternally be identified with the role of the pathetic monster, so would Cushing make the *Monster-maker* role his.

In *CURSE*, the Baron was revealed not to be merely the dedicated scientist of the Universal films, obsessed with the creation of human life from the organs of the dead. This Hammer entry marked a new era in horror films where blood and eroticism were presented on the screen in vivid color. Hammer's Baron Frankenstein

had as great a love of living as he had for creating life. He enjoyed good wine or a better woman as much as instilling his patchwork creations with life. Perhaps the Baron reasoned that, to create life, one must experience it to the fullest. Thus, in *CURSE*, the handsome Baron enjoys an affair with his voluptuous servant Justine (Valerie Gaunt) while simultaneously awaiting his marriage to the beautiful Elizabeth (Hazel Court).

Nevertheless, Victor was dedicated to his grisly project—perhaps even more so than any Dr. Frankenstein before him. While Colin Clive, interpreting the character in the tradition of Ms. Shelly's book, was content seeking his "raw materials" in graveyards, gallows and charnel houses, Cushing's Baron was less patient. He preferred not to soil his impeccable attire by digging in graveyards when murder was far more practical and offered infinitely better selection of organs. After all, what are a few lives when the future of science is at stake.

Peter Cushing, who in real life is an easy-going, pleasant natured gentleman, played this intense interpretation of the Baron remarkably well. His Baron was cynical, sarcastic, often cutting more deeply with words than with the blade of his razor-sharp scalpel. But, like Karloff, the inner warmth of the off-screen Cushing



Though tired and bedraggled, the Baron looks as firm and defiant as ever



Doctor Frankenstein (again Cushing—who else?) meticulously prepares to examine a prospective organ in *THE EVIL OF FRANKENSTEIN* (1964).

Frankenstein and Hans (Sandro Elies—pronounced Shan-door El-is) step out to a masquerade, also from *EVIL*.

made itself apparent regardless of the monstrous crimes of his screen character. The result was a fiend that the audiences loved.

THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN was Hammer's first version of the original story, but little was retained from the novel. Rather than send out some servant to see the preserved brain of a human being, the Baron himself pushes Professor Bernstein, a distinguished scientist and colleague, down the stairs to his death. Later, the scientist's brain waits for new life within the skull of the dormant creature (played by Christopher Lee in his first monster role).

The creature attains its artificial life with the usual electrical paraphernalia, here displayed with a quaint look to coincide with the film's 19th century setting. Eventually the Baron learns that Justine is carrying his baby and, to prevent an embarrassing situation, he sends the pregnant woman to be killed by the chained creature.

A unique aspect of **CURSE** is that the film is framed by scenes of Victor in jail awaiting execution by the guillotine. In an effort to save his own life, the Baron reveals his story, describing the creation of the fiend responsible for a number of deaths, and of its inevitable destruction in a vat of acid. But regardless of the Creature's actions, the Baron's own confession should have condemned him. For within the flashback comprising the bulk of the film, Victor is clearly shown sending two people (Prof. Bernstein and Justine) to their deaths.

When I first saw **THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN** (its premiere screening one morning at a downtown Chicago theater), I was impressed—not by the make-up worn by Christopher Lee (I'd been too accustomed to the Karloff conception), but rather by the color, the sense of the baroque achieved through im-

pressive sets and excellent photography, and the performance of Peter Cushing. I hadn't viewed the film again until it appeared recently in a butchered version on the CBS-TV network late night movie. It was most disappointing, hardly as exciting as I'd remembered it, and I caught myself literally falling asleep toward the final half hour. Nonetheless, Peter Cushing's performance was as impressive (perhaps more so) than I had recalled.

Hammer's executives also perceived the charisma of the Peter Cushing-Baron Frankenstein combination (as powerful in its own right as the Christopher Lee-Count Dracula image of a year later in **HORROR OF DRACULA**) and proceeded to star him in the second entry of the series, **THE REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN** (1958). The Creature had been totally dissolved in the acid of **CURSE**. It seemed unlikely that he could be revived a la Universal for the sequel. But since the Baron had emerged as a more powerful character than the Creature anyway, that hardly mattered.

Baron Victor Frankenstein was now the focal character of the series and it was a welcome change of pace. In **THE REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN** he assumed the identity of Dr. Victor Stein. But his name was all that had changed. He was still in the monster-making business, finally creating a perfect being who did not revert to monstrous shape and cannibalistic appetites until being struck violently over the head.

Hammer had taken the old Frankenstein theme, shifted the emphasis to the doctor, and thus discovered that they had a winning series. Peter Cushing returned as the Baron to star in such Hammer sequels as **THE EVIL OF FRANKENSTEIN** (a 1964 entry with no continuity to the preceding films and with a plot suggesting those in Dick Brierley's *Frankenstein* comic book of the early 1950s), **FRANKENSTEIN CREATED WOMAN** (1966) and **FRANKENSTEIN MUST BE**

DESTROYED (1969). In 1969 Cushing also appeared in cameo as Baron Frankenstein in United Artists' ONE MORE TIME.

The ONE MORE TIME appearance almost seemed to be the end of the character that had proven so popular at Hammer. Studio executives felt that the venerable (and still enormously popular) actor had grown too old for the role, that younger audiences wished to see someone approximating their own age in the role of Baron Frankenstein.

THE HORROR OF FRANKENSTEIN rolled before the cameras in 1970 sans Peter Cushing. To aficionados of the genre this was a cardinal sin. To the powers-that-be at Hammer, this was the beginning of a great new series.

THE HORROR OF FRANKENSTEIN was both a spoof and a remake of THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN. Ralph Bates, a long-haired young actor that Hammer was grooming for the Dracula role among other things, was the new Baron Frankenstein. Bates portrayed the Baron as a perverse hedonist who killed as it suited him, smirking as he did so. Hammer's attempt at infusing new life into the old Baron proved more a disaster than any of Victor Frankenstein's early experiments. Capable an actor as Ralph Bates was, he somehow just was not Baron Frankenstein. Maybe he seemed to lack the experience or the cynicism or the warmth of Hammer's original Baron. Whatever Bates lacked, the film certainly missed the talents of Peter Cushing!

Not very surprising, then, was Hammer's decision to continue where they had left off before retiring their original Baron. FRANKENSTEIN AND THE MONSTER FROM HELL, lensed in 1972, featured a slightly older, yet able as ever, Peter Cushing back in the role he created fifteen years earlier.

The Hammer movies are frequently denigrated by "serious" students of the horror film who label them as exploitative exercises in sex and gore. Whatever the individual's opinion of these films, we should remember one fact. Hammer was able to take an apparently worn thin subject (*Frankenstein*) and revive it during an era accustomed to science fictional horrors created through atomic power. The success of THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN spawned a new age of the gothic horror film, wherein the old style monsters could stalk through films geared to a more modern day audience. We might also consider the fact that Hammer did what Universal was unable to do—make a total of seven Frankenstein films without resorting to teaming up the Monster or doctor with Dracula or any other of their stable of horrors.

We must also remember that THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN made a star of Peter Cushing, an actor who, until that time, had been used to little advantage on the screen. Because of CURSE and its sequels, Cushing has become immortalized in the memories of film buffs as the Baron, an identification as endearing and enduring as Basil Rathbone's Sherlock Holmes, Johnny Weissmuller's Tarzan, Sean Connery's James Bond and, of course, Karloff's Frankenstein Monster.

Hammer has not yet announced a sequel to FRANKENSTEIN AND THE MONSTER FROM HELL. But when they do, I'd presume to guess that the star of that film will be Peter Cushing. For most of us there can be no other Baron Frankenstein.



The ever-grim Doctor Frankenstein prepares his newest equipment in FRANKENSTEIN CREATED WOMAN (1966)



The new Baron Frankenstein indeed! A shot from a scene that was cut from the final print of FRANKENSTEIN MUST BE DESTROYED (1970).

SCOPE... MONSTERSCOPE... M

News and reviews... a frantic fear-forecast by the staff of MONSTERS OF THE MOVIES!



DRACULA STRIKES AGAIN!

Hammer films has plans for new Dracula films, including **KALI—DEVIL BRIDE OF DRACULA**, with shooting scheduled for India. The plot will have the infamous Dracula of Transylvania meeting Kali, the East Indian blood cult's legendary goddess of evil!

DRACULA DOCUMENTARY

Based on the best-selling, non-fiction book by Raymond T. McNally and Radu Florescu, **IN SEARCH OF DRACULA** is an authentic documentary feature about the horrific history of Dracula—not only the legendary vampire of the Bram Stoker novel and countless movie versions, but also the true, real life Transylvanian ruler, Vlad the Impaler, upon whom Stoker based his work.

Released by Sam Sherman's Independent-International Pictures, **IN SEARCH OF DRACULA** stars Christopher Lee as the narrator of the color film, and also shows Lee on-screen as both the Movie Dracula and the real-life Vlad.

The Dracula documentary was filmed on location in Transylvania, and besides recreating past historical events with Lee, the film also shows the actual castle of Dracula Vlad.

WEREWOLVES ON THE PROWL

Peter Cushing is featured in Cinerama's **THE BEAST MUST DIE**, along with Calvin Lockhart, Charles Gray, Marlene Clark and Anton Diffring. The film, a sort of horror whodunit, challenges the audience to guess which one of the guests gathered at Lockhart's

isolated mountain lodge is really a werewolf. There is even a "*Werewolf Break*", similar to some of William Castle's gimmicks of yore, wherein you are given a moment to tally your clues and decide before the solution is revealed. **THE BEAST MUST DIE** is produced by Max J. Rosenberg and Milton Subotsky and directed by Paul Annett (who previously directed various segments of Britain's popular TV series, *New Scotland Yard*, and **SUSPICION**). The film was written by Michael Winder, from a story by James Blish (who has written many *Star Trek* paperbacks), with historic notes (on werewolves) provided by Dr. Donald A. Reed, National President of the *Count Dracula Society*.

THE LEGEND OF THE WEREWOLF, from Tyburn films in England, also stars Peter Cushing. It is produced by Kevin Francis, directed by veteran Freddie Francis and scripted by John Elder of Hammer Films fame. The co-stars are Ron Moody, Lynn Dalby and Hugh Griffith.

MAD SCIENTIST DEPARTMENT!

Capital films is coming out with a new film, **BLOOD WATERS OF DR. Z**. The film, actually made in 1972, was only released in limited areas under the title **ZAAT** (by Horizon Films). Under the new title it will be unleashed nationwide, this time by Capital. The movie stars Marshall Grauer, Wade Popwell, Sanna Ringhaver and Gerald Cruse.

It was filmed entirely in Florida—at Marineland, in Green Cove Springs. It was written by Lee O. Larew and Ron Kivett, produced and directed by Don Barton. Jack McGowan did the photography and the music is by Jami De Frates and Barry Hodgins. Ron Kivett designed and built the seabast.

BLACK MAGIC!

Charlemagne films, Christopher Lee's own production company, has evidently obtained the screen rights to all of Dennis Wheatley's black magic-oriented novels. Lee is re-

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COPE...MONSTERSCOPE...

portedly working a co-production deal between Charlemagne and Hammer films to produce Wheatley's **TO THE DEVIL, A DAUGHTER**. The story pits a young girl slated for sacrifice, and the police, against a band of Satanists. One of them, a defrocked priest, intends to use the girl to complete the creation of a homonculus.

Hammer films had previously brought two other Wheatley black magic novels to the screen—**UNCHARTERED SEAS** (released in America as **THE LOST CONTINENT**) and **THE DEVIL RIDES OUT** (released in America as **THE DEVIL'S BRIDE**). The latter featured Christopher Lee as the Duke de Richleau, working for the powers of good.

POE'S NIGHTMARES

THE SPECTRE OF EDGAR ALLAN POE is a well-intentioned "untold tale" of Poe that would play better with some ten minutes cut from the film. Starring Robert Walker as the famous writer, **SPECTRE** purports to tell the events that led Poe to begin writing his classic tales of the macabre.

According to the script by Mohy Quador, who also produced and directed the film, there really was a girl named Lenore, whom Poe loved. Lenore (Mary Grover) suffers a stroke, seeming to die, but it is only a cataleptic fit. She comes alive in her coffin, already buried deep, but her screams are heard by Poe and his friends. When she is dug out, they find she is stark, raving mad, her hair turned completely white. She is taken for cure to Dr. Grimaldi's (Cesar Romero) asylum, but more grim horrors are all that await Poe and Lenore.

Released by Cinerama, **THE SPECTRE OF EDGAR ALLAN POE** has been cobilled with **SEIZURE**, starring Jonathan Frid (of *Dark Shadows* fame) and Martine Beswick (**DR. JEKYLL AND SISTER HYDE**).

DEMONS OF EVIL

Camelot Entertainment's **IMPULSE!** stars William Shatner, Ruth Roman, Harold Sakata, James

Dobson, Jennifer Bishop and Kim Nicholas in a horror-suspense film that tells about a satanic possession that spans three decades, and of the terrifying experiences, then, of five people who are thrown helplessly into a horrible game of life and death with evil demons.

Directed by William Grefe, of **STANLEY** fame, **IMPULSE!** was filmed in Florida.

MONSTER BUGS
Hordes of mutated ants attacking a domed, biological experimental headquarters in Arizona is the basic action-line of Paramount's **PHASE IV**, a new science fiction terror film about nature in revolt.

PHASE IV stars Nigel Davenport, Michael Murphy and Lynne Frederick, and the film's ant sequences were photographed by Ken Middleham, who previously co-lensed **THE HELLSTROM CHRONICLE**.

Paramount's plans for a **WAR OF THE WORLDS TV SERIES**, incidentally, have gone far beyond the planning stages. They've already shot a pilot film, and the film was, in fact, previewed in New York City last Fall, at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, where Paramount used the show as part of a demonstration for their new Magicam—a new electronic matting process that will

greatly cut production costs on special effects movie projects

Exactly when the **WAR OF THE WORLDS TV SERIES** will ever go on the air is not known at this time, but you might start looking for the pilot film to be shown on a **TV MOVIE OF THE WEEK**.
DOC SAVAGE. THE MAN OF BRONZE

The first entry into the new Doc Savage movie series was previewed at a suburban Los Angeles theatre by George Pal recently. Attending were myself and Bob Greenberg, a contributor to these pages. In the audience was Mr. Pal himself, and Mike Miller, who played Doc's chief assistant, Monk, among many others attending. The star Ron Ely, was not in attendance (but that does not mean any kind of feud between Ely and Pal, Mr. Pal has assured us).

Certainly, **DOC SAVAGE** is one of the more expensive and well-produced science-fiction-fantasy-adventure efforts to appear in several years. All in all, the audience and this reviewer liked the film. However, simply because there is such a dedicated fan interest in the project, certain points have to be raised.

Despite reports to the contrary, there are elements of deliberate "camp" in the film. One of the



Peter Cushing stares balefully out, grim determination his face. This night **THE BEAST MUST DIE**, produced by Max J. Rosenberg and Milton Subotsky.

MONSTERSCOPE...MONSTE

MONSTERSCOPE... MONSTER



The dreaded sea beast lashes out (make-up designed by Ron Kivett) in the Capitol release **BLOOD WATERS OF DR Z**



Robert Walker Jr. scrutinizes an "Iron Maiden" in Cinerama's **SPECTRE OF EDGAR ALLAN POE**

villains is shown sleeping in a gigantic baby's crib on rockers. Whatever you choose to call that, it isn't serious drama.

As Doc, Ron Ely is physically impressive—although he seems too smilingly cheerful to be the grim, emotionless avenger of the books by Kenneth Robeson (really Lester Dent). The rest of the aides seem well chosen, but have little screen time to display their skills as actors, or as the fictional characters they play.

Certainly, Doc Savage does have his moments on the screen—the scenes of him fearlessly pursuing an Indian killer from South America across the rooftops of Manhattan really do seem to be one of the novels come to life. A daring leap into an open elevator shaft by Doc to grab the cables (hands wrapped in his jacket) and a slide down those metallic strands to the bottom, not only demonstrate Doc's bravery but why his shirts are always in tatters.

The print the preview audience saw was not fully completed (although not the rough cut state **YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN** was in when viewed by the **MONSTERS OF THE MOVIES** staff). It is hoped that final editing will clear up some confusion—such as Doc receiving a full machine-gun blast in the chest and only getting a row of holes in his dinner jacket. As fans of the novels or of Marvel's **DOC SAVAGE** comic books know, the Man of Bronze wore a bullet-proof

vest at times. But the movie audience was not told this in the preview edition, and are left to think that bullets must bounce off Doc's chest like that of our Distinguished Competitor's Man of Steel.

The climax of the film is spectacular—one to warm the heart of James Bond's nemesis, Goldfinger—but again has elements of deliberate satire, not entirely appropriate. Clearly, it is the vision of producer-co-scriptor George Pal that dominates the professional direction of Michael Anderson.

It is my belief that Pal slightly misjudged the current audience. They are ready for nostalgic adventures to be straight-forwardly done as in **THE STING**, totally without the deriding sneer of the **Batman** TV series (which was nearly a decade ago, made for the "Go-go" generation, not today's movie audiences). Of course, Mr. Pal's humor is always loving, not condescending. In spite of some reservations, **DOC SAVAGE** is definitely recommended.

The next entry in the series may even be better. Joining George Pal on the script will be internationally famous fantasy author, Phillip Jose Farmer.

DOC SAVAGE will also be the subject of a new drama record album from George Garabedian, and possibly that of a brand new radio adventure series—the first new such radio show since the CBS **RADIO MYSTERY THEATRE** began its

current run

—Jim Harmon

FANTASY ON STAGE. Patrick Culliton, a featured player in many Irwin Allen productions, such as the *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea* TV series and the current movie smash, **THE TOWERING INFERNO**, has used his life-long study of the secrets of the great magician, Houdini, to create a touring stage presentation, *The Houdini Mystery Show*. The handsome young Mr. Culliton demonstrates how Houdini could es-



DOC SAVAGE, THE MAN OF BRONZE (star Ron Ely) throws a punch —cheerfully—as Hans (actor Darrell Zwerling) observes the results

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cape from any ropes, chains or locks.

Consult *Variety*, *Billboard*, or your own newspaper for announcement of his next appearance.

FOR MADMEN ONLY

A treatise on the Steppenwolf

"There once was a man, Harry, called the Steppenwolf. He went on two legs, wore clothes and was a human being, but nevertheless he was in reality a wolf of the Steppes. He had learned a good deal of all that people of good intelligence can and was a fairly clever fellow. What he had not learned however, was this: to find contentment in himself and in his own life."

—HERMANN HESSE

Harry Haller finds himself wandering down the dimly-lit, cobbled backstreet, clutching his coat against the cold, his breath fleeing from his lips in vapory wisps which then melt away into the enshrouding street fog. The night abounds in grim shadows, delineated all the more by Harry's depression, a kind of emotional nausea he has been suffering from.

Then he sees him...

A raggedly dressed man appears from the black mouth of an alley carrying, above his shoulders, a sign. In the anemic glow of a streetlamp, Harry reads:

EVENING ENTERTAINMENT
MAGIC THEATRE
NOT FOR EVERYBODY!

That placard, in a brief, admirably terse three-line pronouncement, could very well be used to sum up STEPPENWOLF, the film, and possibly the book as well. The film is a strange, allegorical variation of the werewolf theme, here dealing with the intellectual and ideological demons of one man's (but possibly all of ours) soul rather than the, make-up induced physical reality of a man-monster, such as our old friend Mr. Talbot.

It is an enchanting, wonderful fantasy, composed jerkily (on purpose; the film reflects a life that is lived equally jerkily). It is very faithful to

the book, devotedly so, at least in spirit, but thankfully recognizes the differences between its medium and the medium of the written word. The director-screenwriter, Fred Haines, injects a lighter tone without providing invented humor and makes the film more "magical" than the book, with the aide of superb and imaginative special visual effects.

The film most definitely qualifies for the category of fantasy-horror—although the horror here is a subtler, more psychological horror—in fact it reminds me very much (and very pleasantly) of Patrick Magoohan's *The Prisoner*. Some people may be intolerant of its first person narrative style, which incorporates much self-philosophizing, but overall, they should find much to enthral them. I also can't help but be reminded of Charles G. Finney's classic, *THE CIRCUS OF DR. LAO* (adapted into the oversimplified but pleasing film, *THE SEVEN FACES OF DOCTOR LAO*). It's that same, wonderful, fantastical feeling of "us poor helpless mortals" being manipulated by older and wiser powers that be who, if they don't actually hold the answer to our countless head crises, show us

how to have more fun while we learn to cope with them.

Like *The Prisoner*, the film is amazingly non-dependant on its plot—there's no need to even recount it. It is more of an odyssey anyway, which usually have a tendency to reduce plot to secondary stature.

The film is a lyrical, albeit jarring at times, mind trip, which culminates with the Magic Theatre sequence, a startling and cathartic smorgasbord of video effects, possibly the best use of such effects I have ever seen and certainly the most successful merging of the celluloid and video mediums yet attempted.

The effects process, called *Chroma-Key*, is achieved by the superimposition of an opaque foreground object on any background, whether it be art work, still photographs, motion pictures or an image picked up on a video camera. The foreground object is placed in an environment of a single, solid color which the Chroma-Key processing treats as a sort of "hole" to be filled in with an image coming from behind the camera. Some years ago the color used was almost exclusively a deep, electric blue. To this day the technique is referred to as "the blue box".

Next, the color synthesizer divides the full grey-scale of the image into three separate areas for highlights, middle tones and shadows. Colors may then be added, arbitrarily, to each of the zones. The result may appear to contain more than three basic colors, as the eye may perceive them as mixed along the edges or where the areas are tiny and interspersed. In STEPPENWOLF, images of this sort were mixed with the original image, after some special equipment was constructed to permit an exact superimpose of the two images.

Also important to the film is George Gruntz's very versatile, quite excellent jazz music score, interwoven with classical and cabaret songs that pervade the film, lending it, collectively, a feeling of the bizarre with a strong carnival at-

(Continued on page 70)



Harold Sakata ("Oddjob" of *GOLDFINGER*)

MONSTERSCOPE...MONSTER

THE HAMMER FILMS OF CUSHING-LEE

By Eric Hoffman and
Jim Harmon

*A specially posed publicity shot
of Cushing and Lee from
DRACULA AD 1972.*



In the "Golden Age" of horror films, that is to say the 30s and 40s, Universal hit upon an idea that not only spelled money in the bank for the studio but gave fans of the genre something special. In a moment of inspired casting, they impaired Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi in a series of chillers. *THE BLACK CAT*, *THE RAVEN*, *INVISIBLE RAY*, *BLACK FRIDAY*, *SON OF FRANKENSTEIN* and (for RKO) the Val Lewton classic *THE BODY SNATCHER*, saw the two masters of menace playing against each other to create priceless moments in screen terror. It is difficult to forget their deadly cat-and-mouse conflict in *BLACK CAT* or the definite aura of sadism hanging over Lugosi's Dr. Vollin

in contrast to the pathetic helplessness of Karloff's Bateman in *THE RAVEN*.

Nothing of this nature occurred until the mid 50s. Horror fans had to remain content to live with memories of the diabolic duo and relish the infrequent revivals of the "old classics."

In 1956, Hammer Films was beginning what was to become a classic series of chillers in full color, particularly based on films from the past. Determined to start out with a familiar subject (in order to aid the potential success of what was, at the time, a gamble), Hammer picked one of the most familiar themes of all ... Baron Frankenstein and his Monster. With a new



screenplay by Jimmy Sangster, stressing a completely new viewpoint, Hammer picked two actors to portray the parts of Frankenstein and his creation. Their names Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee.

The rest you know. Cushing captured audiences with his incisive portrayal of Mary Shelley's creator of man-made-man, while Lee hit home as well, although not quite as hard as Cushing. His full personality and power were hidden under the grisly, disguising makeup by Phil Leakey. But audiences realized that something had occurred, nonetheless . . . a new terror combination had been born.

For Hammer, it was possibly the most positive move

they could have made. For new audiences, it marked the beginning of a team that made them understand why another generation was so enamored of the Karloff/Lugosi productions.

For the past several years, many fans have thought that *CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN* was the first picture in which the two actors had appeared together. Actually Cushing and Lee *had* been in films together, but hardly in the sense that we are familiar with them now. That is, as a team. In fact, it is difficult to recall if they were even in the same scenes together.

Laurence Olivier's classic production of *HAMLET* marked their first casting in the same picture. In this

celebrated production of Shakespeare's tale of madness and revenge, Cushing had more of a speaking part as Osric, while Lee was cast as Charles. HAMLET marked Cushing's first film appearance since 1941 when he ended a series of pictures (beginning with *MAN IN THE IRON MASK* in 1939 and ranging through films for RKO, appearances in some of John Nesbitt's *PASSING PARADE* shorts and *THEY DARE NOT LOVE* for Columbia, as well as tormenting Laurel & Hardy in *A CHUMP AT OXFORD*) in America before returning to England. Of note is that Cushing's last American film, *THEY DARE NOT LOVE*, was also the last film made by James Whale (except for one unfinished film in 1952), the man who had brought Mary Shelley's characters to screen life in their most accepted form.

Cushing and Lee next appeared in John Huston's biography of artist Toulouse-Lautrec, *MOULIN ROUGE* (1952). Cushing was cast as Marcel Lavoisier, a wealthy socialite who won the woman beloved by Lautrec (Jose Ferrer). Lee was one of the many artists and/or bohemians frequenting the sidewalk cafes of Paris and that city's night life.

With *CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN* (1956), however, Lee and Cushing made their mark with film audiences. Cushing was no stranger to the general public by that time. His face had become familiar to audiences through appearances on many TV programs, such as George Orwell's *1984* (for which he won acclaim as the doomed, rebellious Winston Smith), *BEAU BRUMMEL* (as the well-dressed nobleman), *ANASTASIA* and *THE CREATURE* by Nigel Kneale, creator of the "Quatermass" series (Note: This show would be filmed by Hammer as *THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN OF THE HIMALAYAS* with Cushing in the same role he portrayed on television).

With *Baron Frankenstein*, Cushing found himself becoming identified with the area of screen terror... as well as firmly joined to Mary Shelley's scientific adventures.

Lee, however, would have to wait approximately one year to make the same impact. He had made a pretty large ripple as "The Creature," but it was a limited, almost one-dimensional role.

Noting the success of *CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN*, Hammer decided to make another re-make of a terror classic. When they had made the *Frankenstein* film, Hammer had not been able to utilize any of Universal's concepts, and, thanks to writer Sangster and director Terence Fisher, had steered away from them.

But since *Frankenstein* had proven a fortunate choice, James Carreras, head of Hammer Films, decided to do a re-make of *DRACULA*. This time, Universal's interest was aroused (The box-office showing of *CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN* could hardly be ignored) and Hammer proceeded to film *THE HORROR OF DRACULA* (1958) for distribution by Universal.

What *Baron Frankenstein* had done for Cushing, *Bram Stoker's master of the Undead* did for Lee. His performance as Count Dracula hit home! To audiences, he was Dracula in the flesh... so to speak. Lugosi's characterization of the man from Transylvania stands as the basis for the classic vampire. Lee's Dracula was the vampire for today. His was more liberated. He was terrifying. Yet, when not seized by his vampiric blood-lust, he was attractive to women. The fact that he wound up invited into one victim's bedroom and later seducing

(as well as putting the bite on) another attractive femme, helped the vampire's romantic image to flourish. Christopher Lee had made his special niche in terror as *Stoker's master vampire, fangs down!*

Peter Cushing was cast as *Dracula's* nemesis, Dr. Van Helsing. As the symbol for the forces of good, Cushing proved to be a perfect, dedicated and dynamic vampire hunter in contrast to Lee's evil. Coping with the vampirized victims of *Dracula*, freeing them from the taint of the Undead with his handydandy vampire-killer's kit (stake and mallet included), Cushing etched out a portrayal that became as popular as his *Baron Frankenstein*, although not repeated as often.

Fourteen years would pass before Cushing and Lee would meet again as *Dracula* and *Van Helsing*.

DRACULA A.D. was Hammer's attempt to bring the King of Vampires into the "mod" 20th Century. But the modern world had apparently become too monstrous to be home to a Gothic member of the Undead. *Dracula's* modern disciple, Johnny Alucard (the last name *Dracula* himself contrived in *Universal's SON OF DRACULA* with Lon Chaney, Jr.) and the young people he victimized had most of the screen to themselves.

In the climax, Peter Cushing proved how effective he could be as *Van Helsing*—even a latter day descendant—when he faced a snarling *Dracula* in a ruined church.

While it isn't the intention of this article to cover the *Dracula* series, discussed at length elsewhere in *MONSTERS OF THE MOVIES*, we can not discuss the screen-pairing of Cushing and Lee without lingering for a few moments over such films as:

THE SATANIC RITES OF DRACULA (1974) which was announced for production under the incredible title *DRACULA IS DEAD AND WELL AND LIVING IN LONDON*. The picture blended elements of the vampire saga with those from the James Bond films, motorcycle gang pictures, and still other assorted ingredients for a satanic stew. Some critics and audiences were unsatisfied with the picture, as was Mr. Lee himself. He announced it was his last film as *Dracula*. He was hanging up his fangs.

If Lee has tired of his vampire image, Cushing still seems to savor his role of vampire-destroyer. He is back



"Mr. Blake (read that Mr. Hyde), I presume?" Lee glares back at a startled Peter Cushing in *1, MONSTER*



Again the classic duo meet in a fiery scene from *THE SATANIC RITES OF DRACULA*.

again as Van Helsing in *THE LEGEND OF THE SEVEN GOLDEN VAMPIRES*, fighting Chinese followers of Dracula, and Dracula himself (here played by John Forbes-Robertson).

For the record, we must note that Cushing and Lee appeared together (if briefly) in their most famous roles—as Doctor Frankenstein and Count Dracula—in one film. This was in *ONE MORE TIME* (1969), a comedy-mystery starring Sammy Davis Jr. and Peter Lawford. In the “guest star” sequence with Hammer’s top horror men, Davis accidentally opens a secret panel behind a bookcase and descends into a hidden cellar where he confronts an Igor-type hunchback, a girl on an

operating table, a monster, and, bathed in eerie red light, wearing his top hat, black cape and tails, Count Dracula (Lee). Baring his fangs, holding in his hand a glass of what is apparently his favorite brew, Lee is joined by Peter Cushing as Baron Frankenstein, wearing his familiar Victorian garb. “Ah, we have a visitor,” Lee intones. Cushing cordially invites Davis to “Come and join our little party.” Sammy Davis declines with a shriek, and lets his feet do their stuff.

The unbilled cameo was a special favor to their friend, Davis, from Cushing and Lee.

With the success of its *Frankenstein* and *Dracula* pictures, Hammer selected another of the old Universal

creatures for one of its own special versions. Combining elements from the 1932 Boris Karloff film, and other elements from the later Universal series of the 40s which had starred Lon Chaney, Jr., writer Jimmy Sangster came up with a screenplay dripping with atmosphere and mayhem. Universal released the Hammer production of *THE MUMMY* (1959), directed by Terence Fisher.

In the film, vengeful Mehemet Bey (George Pastell) uses the mummy of the high priest Kraris (Lee) when restored to life by mystical powers to seek the destruction of tomb defilers who took from the Egyptian pyramid the Sacred Scroll of Life. One of those in the Mummy's path is John Banning (not surprisingly, Peter Cushing).

Between Cushing and Lee, Cushing had more character development as Banning, in spite of, or because of, the character's limited activity caused by a crippled leg. On the other hand, Lee was an imposing, effective murder machine in his bandages. Observing the extent of costume and make-up application Lee had to endure as the Mummy, it is easy to understand why he later chose to refrain from parts where heavy makeup was involved.

Moving away from the outright horror stories, but still retaining some of those same elements, Hammer attempted its own version of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes classic, *THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES*. The adventure of Holmes tracking down the Hound of Hell had been in print in various book editions for generations, as well as providing the basis for several movie productions, not to mention providing fodder for a TV adaptation with Stewart Granger as Holmes, various comic book versions, and radio plays.

"A hound it was, an enormous coal-black hound, but not such a hound as mortal eyes had ever seen," Dr. Watson wrote of the creature. The original Doyle novel was the most popular of the Holmes stories. As critics have observed, it is the only one of the Holmes stories where the frantic mental and physical energies of the

Great Detective do not dominate the tale. Rather, it is the Gothic menace personified in the Hound itself that towers above persons and events.

Scripted by Peter Bryan, directed by Terence Fisher, Hammer's *THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES* boasted an excellent performance by Peter Cushing as he donned the cape and deerstalker cap of the Great Detective. With his alert, hawk-like features and precise movements and bearing, Cushing was an admirable Holmes. Some have observed that he lacked the ideal height to play Holmes, since several others in the cast (notably Lee) stood inches above him. Yet it is a compliment to Cushing's presence that he nevertheless dominated the scene with his personality.

Andre Morrel was cast as Dr. Watson, albeit without any of the beloved bumbling of Nigel Bruce's interpretation (forced on him by Universal executives). Like Doyle's own vision of the man, Morrel's Watson was an intelligent man, who, naturally, was unable to equal Holmes's superhuman mental gymnastics.

Rounding out the lead roles was Christopher Lee as Sir Henry Baskerville, the bewildered target for evil, inheriting Baskerville Hall, the land . . . and its Hound.



Christopher Lee towers menacingly over the distraught Peter Cushing in *THE CREEPING FLESH* (1973). Even though they are half-brothers in the film, little love exists between the two.



As you can see, Cushing (as Van Helsing) and Lee (as Dracula) were somewhat less passive in the actual film (*DRACULA A.D.* 1972) than in the posed publicity shot.



A curious experiment seems to be in the works by Dr. Wells (Cushing) and Sir Alexander Caxton (Lee) in *HORROR EXPRESS*.

He was also to learn that love does *not* always find a way—especially if the girl you love (in this case Marla Landi) has her heart set on doing you in!

One of the strongest moments in the film was the prologue relating the origin of the curse of the Basketvilles, brought down by the evil Sir Hugo, he of the gloved hand and “fun” hobbies—such as hunting servant girls with his hounds. David Oxley was a deliciously rotten Sir Hugo, just the kind of character one would wish the Hound of Hell to have for dinner.

Alterations were made to Doyle's story by scripter Bryan, with a loose end or two still unexplained. For example, at the sight of the old pagan temple ruins, Holmes and Watson discover evidence of “some revolting sacrificial rite” upon an altar stone. What the nature of that rite was is never explained, nor is why Stapleton (Ewen Solan) carried out the atrocity.

Despite some points that would make Holmes purists wince, *HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES* was an entertaining production that demonstrated once again the range of Cushing's talents.

So much so that several years later, 1967, Cushing was to portray the master of 221B Baker Street in a BBC

television series, co-starring Nigel Stock as Watson. Some of the Doyle stories presented on the series included *A STUDY IN SCARLET*, *THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES* (naturally), *THE SIGN OF THE FOUR*, *THE MUSGRAVE RITUAL* and *THE GREEK INTERPRETOR*. To date, the series has not been seen in this country, but with the appearance of many British dramas, it may be only a matter of time until we will have the opportunity to view Cushing as one of fiction's greatest sleuths.

Hammer decided to try some role reversal with *THE GORGON* (1964) by having Christopher Lee represent the forces of good and Peter Cushing as evil's emissary. Moustached, with ornate sideburns, Cushing was the sinister Dr. Namaroff, head of the medical institute in the small village of Vandorf, while Lee's features were adorned with a shaggy mop of gray hair and a mutton-chop moustache as Professor Meister, expert on the unknown from Leipzig University.

For fans of the duo, used to them in their traditional film perspective, this may have been something of a shock, but both performers fit smoothly into their roles.



That masterful detective, Sherlock Holmes (Peter Cushing), produces an important clue to Watson and Sir Henry Baskerville (Andre Morell and Chris Lee, respectively). Sir Henry showing the marks of an encounter with the Hellhound.

Namaroff was possibly the most unsympathetic character Cushing had ever portrayed so far in his association with Hammer (pre-FRANKENSTEIN MUST BE DESTROYED). Using his position in the village to dominate even the police, Namaroff kept former patient Carla (Barbara Shelley) at the hospital through every means at his disposal. When a series of "unexplained" deaths occur, in which the victims are literally turned to stone, Namaroff displays another ruthless side of his character. He'll use any tactic, including a forged death certificate, to keep hidden the true state of the victim at death.

Namaroff's methods work until Prof. Heitz, the

Directed once again by Terence Fisher, THE GORGON builds its mood of forboding nicely, with Lee and Cushing playing off each other superbly. The film's climax with the Gorgon's true identity revealed receives an added boost by having the sequence set in the ruins of an old castle, used by the mythological creature as its base of operations.

Released with CURSE OF THE MUMMY'S TOMB, THE GORDON received a somewhat hokey presentation with the use of a publicity gimmick known as "Black Stamps"; facsimile trading stamps with pictures of various monsters on them.

In 1965, Hammer made one of its most lavish pic-

It began with HORROR OF DRACULA and was to become a frequently recurring pattern for a long period after that—Peter Cushing representing good (here playing John Banning) and Chris Lee representing evil (here, of course, as the title character in Hammer's THE MUMMY (1959).



father of one of the victims, arrives in Vandorf to learn more about his son's death. However, he runs into resistance from the police, hostility from the frightened villagers and death from the unknown horror terrorizing the village. When the Professor's other son, Paul (Richard Pasco), arrives, Namaroff finds things getting out of his control as Carla begins to fall in love with the young man. Then Paul's teacher, Professor Meister of Leipzig University (Lee), appears. Meister soon begins to suspect what Namaroff has deducted as well . . . that the life force of the ancient horror known as the Gorgon has found a home within the body of an unsuspecting person, taking control during the periods of the full moon.

tures, a re-make of H. Rider Haggard's classic fantasy-adventure novel, SHE. Thousands have thrilled to the story of the lost city hidden in Africa's mountains and the centuries old ruler, Ayesha, She-Who-Must-Be-Obeyed.

Hammer cast Ursula Andress as Ayesha, the incredible beauty who had been waiting centuries for the return of her lover, Killikrates. It seems that centuries before, she had murdered him in a jealous rage. As plot would have it, a young man named Leo Vincy (John Richardson) happens to be the spitting image of the centuries-dead man. Accompanied by his friends Major Holly (Peter Cushing) and Holly's aide, Job (Bernard Crib-

bins), Leo finds himself trekking through Africa's deserts and mountains before being hurtled into the incredible hidden world of Ayesha. Of course, there are some side problems. His presence is not exactly welcomed by She's high-priest, Billali (Christopher Lee), who has designs on Ayesha and her secret of eternal life. Then there is the fact that Leo has to go and fall in love with Ustane, daughter of one of Ayesha's overseers (although why anyone would turn down Ursula Andress is beyond me). This time, love *does not* find a way since Ayesha sacrifices the girl in a fire pit, then generously returns her ashes to her father . . . who is quite upset about the whole thing and starts a revolt among the

As Holly yells for Leo to get back into the flame and get rid of the curse of being Earth's first immortal man, the spell of the flame wears off. Leo now must face the centuries ahead, waiting until the stars assume their special positioning before the flame becomes magic once again.

In adapting the film, Hammer, came up with a lavish remake that lagged at times. Things began to pick up when it got to She's kingdom.

Ursula Andress was a magnificently attractive She-Who-Must-Be-Obeyed, her physical presence overshadowing even Cushing and Lee. Successful in theaters, SHE spawned a sequel in 1968, THE



slaves of She's kingdom.

In the film's climax, Ayesha takes Leo to the secret of her eternal beauty and life . . . the Eternal Flame, a huge pyre that will cool and assume its magical properties at a certain positioning of the stars. Billali tries to kill Leo but is killed in the duel. Ayesha then bathes in the flame for the second time in her centuries-long existence to prove how the influence of the heavens has worked. Leo joins her, getting into the swing of things (plus assuming immortality), only to see Ayesha suddenly start to age and wither. The second treatment in the fire has negated the original spell and She dies at Leo's feet, a withered skeleton.

VENGEANCE OF SHE. Unfortunately, it was a disappointment, with Olinka Berova replacing the unavailable Andress. Only John Richardson returned to mark any contact with the first film . . . and then the writers literally re-wrote the first idea, with Richardson becoming Kilikrates, waiting centuries for the long dead Ayesha to return, finding in the modern Miss Berova the physical reincarnation of his lost love.

James Bernard's score was a definite plus for Hammer's original SHE. His haunting theme for Ayesha hit the right balance of the timeless and the unreal in the moments it was utilized.

Of course, only Richardson returned from the

original cast of SHE for THE VENGEANCE OF SHE; Cushing and Lee were absent. For their next joint appearance in a Hammer film, we would have to return to the previously covered Dracula series, with THE SATANIC RITES OF DRACULA being the last entry.

This concludes the list, to date, of joint Cushing-Lee appearances in Hammer productions. However, they made many other such tandem appearance for Amicus

Pictures and other producers, with titles like DR. TERROR'S HOUSE OF HORRORS. I, MONSTER; etc. For your information and enjoyment, we are offering a complete checklist of all Cushing-Lee films. Furthermore, we promise that in a future issue we will offer detailed commentary on all the non-Hammer movies mutually participated in by Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee.

Checklist of Cushing/Lee Films By Eric Hoffman

A. Pre-Hammer

1. HAMLET—1948—Two Cities Productions—142 minutes
Director: Sir Laurence Olivier
Sir Laurence Olivier, Jean Simmons, Eileen Herle, Basil Sydney, Norman Wolland, Anthony Quayle, Peter Cushing (Osric), Christopher Lee (Charles)
2. MOULIN ROUGE—1953—United Artists—Color—87 minutes
Director: John Huston
Jose Ferrer, Collette Marchand, Suzanne Flon, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Lee Montague, Peter Cushing (Marcel Lavoisier), Christopher Lee (Gauguin).

B. Hammer Films:

1. THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN—1956—Warner Bros.—Color—82 minutes.
Director: Terence Fisher, Screenplay: Jimmy Sangster.
Peter Cushing (Baron Victor Frankenstein), Christopher Lee (The Creature), Hazel Court (Elizabeth), Robert Urquhart, Valerie Gaunt.
2. HORROR OF DRACULA (Brit-

- ish Title: DRACULA)—1958—Universal—Color—82 minutes.
Director: Terence Fisher, Screenplay: Jimmy Sangster.
Peter Cushing (Dr. Van Helsing), Christopher Lee (Count Dracula), Michael Gough (Arthur Holmwood), Melissa Stribling (Mina), Carol Marsh, John Van Eyseen.
3. THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES—1959—United Artists—Color—87 minutes.
Director: Terence Fisher, Screenplay: Peter Bryan.
Peter Cushing (Sherlock Holmes), Christopher Lee (Sir Henry Baskerville), Andre Morrell (Dr. Watson), Marla Landi (Cecile Stapleton), Ewen Solan (Stapleton), Francis DeWolff (Dr. Mortimer), Miles Mleson, David Oxley, John Le Mesurier.
 4. THE MUMMY—1959—Universal—Color—88 minutes.
Director: Terence Fisher, Screenplay: Jimmy Sangster.
Peter Cushing (John Banning), Christopher Lee (Kharis), Yvonne Furneaux (Isobel/Ananka), Felix Aylmer (Stephen Banning), Eddie Byrne, Raymond Huntley, George Pastell.

5. THE GORGON—1964—Columbia—Color—83 minutes.
Director: Terence Fisher, Screenplay: John Gilling, from a story by J. Llewellyn Devine.
Peter Cushing (Dr. Namaroff), Christopher Lee (Prof. Meister), Barbara Shelley (Carla Hoffman), Richard Pasco, Michael Goodliffe, Patrick Troughton.
6. SHE—1965—MGM—Color—105 minutes.
Director: Robert Day, Screenplay: David T. Chandler, from H. Rider Haggard's novel.
Ursula Andress (Ayesha), John Richardson (Leo Vincey), Peter Cushing (Major Holly), Christopher Lee (Billali), Bernard Cribbins (Job), Rosenda Monteros, Andre Morrell.
7. DRACULA A.D. 1972—1972—Warner Bros.—Color—97 minutes.
Director: Alan Gibson, Screenplay: Don Houghton.
Christopher Lee (Count Dracula), Peter Cushing (Van Helsing), Stephanie Beachem (Jessica Van Helsing), Michael Coles (Inspector Murray), Christopher Neame (Johnny Alucard), Carolyn Munroe, Marsha Hunt, William Ellis.



8. THE SATANIC RITES OF DRACULA—1973/74—Warner Bros.—Color—88 minutes.

Director: Alan Gibson, Screenplay: Don Houghton.

Christopher Lee (Dracula), Peter Cushing (Van Helsing), Michael Coles (Inspector Murray), Joanna Lumley (Jessica Van Helsing), Freddie Jones (Prof. Keelley). (ex—DRACULA IS DEAD AND WELL AND LIVING IN LONDON)

C. Misc. Hammer-style appearances: ONE MORE TIME—1969—United Artists.

Director: Jerry Lewis.

Sammy Davis Jr. (Salt), Peter Lawford (Pepper), guest appearance by Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee as Baron Frankenstein and Dracula, respectively.

D. AMICUS PICTURES:

1. DR. TERROR'S HOUSE OF HORRORS—1964—Paramount—Color—98 minutes.

Director: Freddie Francis, Screenplay: Milton Subotsky.

Peter Cushing (Dr. Sander Schreck), Christopher Lee (Franklyn Marsh), Neil McCallum (Jim Dawson), Alan Freeman (Bill Rogers), Roy Castle (Biff Bailey), Donald Sutherland (Bob Carroll), Ursula Howells, Katy Wild, Max Adrian.

2. THE SKULL—1964—Paramount—Color—82 minutes.

Director: Freddie Francis, Screenplay: Milton Subotsky, from the short story "The Skull of the Marquis DeSade" by Robert Bloch.

Peter Cushing (Christopher Maitland), Christopher Lee (Sir Matthew Phillips), Patrick Wymark, Jill Bennett, Nigel Green, Michael Gough, Patrick Magee.

3. SCREAM AND SCREAM AGAIN (1969)—American-International—Color—95 minutes.

Director: Gordon Hessler, Screenplay: Christopher Wickham, from "The Disorientated Man" by Peter Saxon.

Vincent Price (Dr. Browning), Christopher Lee (Freemont), Peter Cushing (Major Benedek), Alfred Marks (Supt. Bellaver), Marshall Jones (Konratz), Uta Levka.

4. THE HOUSE THAT DRIPPED BLOOD—1970—Cinerama Releasing—Color—102 minutes.

Director: Peter Duffell, Screenplay: Robert Bloch from his short stories "Method for Murder," "Waxworks," "Sweet To The Sweet," and "The Cloak."



In an off-moment, at a press party for *THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES*, Peter Cushing carefully inspects the check from the waiter, as Christopher Lee and Andre Morell look on, amused.

Christopher Lee (John Reid), Peter Cushing (Philip Grayson), John Bryans (Stoker), Jon Pertwee (Paul Henderson), Ingrid Pitt (Carla), Denholm Elliott.

5. 1. MONSTER—1970—Cannon Releasing—Color—74 minutes.

Director: Stephen Weeks, Screenplay: Milton Subotsky, from Robert Louis Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

Christopher Lee (Dr. Marlowe/Mr. Blake), Peter Cushing (Utterston), Mike Raven (Enfield), Richard Hurdall (Lanyon).

E. Others:

1. THE DEVIL'S AGENT—1962—German/British co-production.

Director: John Paddy Carstairs (brother of Hammer's Anthony Nelson Keys).

Peter Van Eyck, MacDonald Carey, Peter Cushing, Christopher Lee, Marianne Koch.

2. THE NIGHT OF THE BIG HEAT—1967—Planet Films—Color—94 minutes.

Director: Terence Fisher, Screenplay: Ronald Liles from the novel by John Lymington.

Christopher Lee (Hanson), Peter Cushing (Dr. Stone), Patrick Allen, Sarah Lawson, Jane Mellow, William Lucas, Percy Herbert.

3. HORROR EXPRESS (PANICO EN EL TRANSIBERIANO)—

1972—Granada Films (Madrid)/Benmar Productions Ltd. (London) co-production—Scotia International—Color—98 minutes.

Director: Eugenio Martin, Story: Eugenio Martin, Screenplay: Arnaud d'Usseau and Julian Halevy. Christopher Lee (Sir Alexander Caxton), Peter Cushing (Dr. Wells), Telly Savalas (Capt. Kazan), Silvia Tortosa, Julio Pena, Alberto De Mendoza, Jorge Rigaud.

4. NOTHING BUT THE NIGHT—1972—Charlemagne Productions—Released by Fox-Rank—Color—90 minutes.

Director: Peter Sasdy, Screenplay: Brian Hayes, based on the novel by John Blackburn.

Christopher Lee (Col. Bingham, Chief of Special Branch), Peter Cushing (Sir Mark Ashley), Diana Dors (Anna Harb), Georgia Brown (Joan Foster), Keith Barron, Gwyneth Strong.

5. THE CREEPING FLESH—1972—Columbia—Color—91 minutes.

Director: Freddie Francis, Screenplay: Peter Spenceley and Jonathan Rumbold.

Peter Cushing (Dr. Emmanuel Hildern), Christopher Lee (James Hildern), Lorna Heilbron (Penelope Hildern), George Benson, Kenneth J. Warren, Duncan Lamont.

INSIDE



Here looking rather bleak, this set at Shepperton Studios, Middlesex, has seen much busier days, including the numerous Amicus productions such as *I, MONSTER*. This set has also been used for such greats as *CROMWELL*, *OLIVER*, *THE MAN WHO LAUGHS* and *ANNE OF A THOUSAND DAYS*.

AMICUS

By Russ Jones



Burgess Meredith up to his sinister tricks in *TORTURE GARDEN*

Amicus is the Latin word for friend, but it means *terror* to film fans throughout the world.

Amicus Film Productions reside at Shepperton Studios which lies in the countryside about thirty-odd miles from London. And it is hard to believe that Amicus is in the film business at all. Reason why? The company is run by two men, Milton Subotsky, who handles all the work in Great Britain out of chalet #3 (which resembles a small one room cabin) at Shepperton, and Max J. Rosenberg, who handles the legal logistics out of New York City. Yes, Amicus is a mini-company . . . to say the very least.

Subotsky began as a television writer in New York, as a matter of fact. Milton was born in Brooklyn, where his family still resides. In the mid-Fifties he became active in film production and produced *ROCK, ROCK, ROCK*. He also wrote the million seller record, *BABY, BABY*, which was recorded by Frankie Lyman and the Teenagers.

Subotsky spent four years in England before he hit. He told me on several occasions that those years were really tough. But, in 1960 he was involved in the production, *CITY OF THE DEAD*, released in America as *HORROR HOTEL*. It was produced under the banner of Vulcan Films, which was in truth the beginning of Amicus.

HORROR HOTEL was shot at Shepperton Studios and was directed by John Moxey. The film was made in black and white and wide screen. The story was set in New England, but was made in England . . . and all on a sound stage. In fact Shepperton has the largest stage in the world. The film was atmospheric, with fog machines working overtime. The cast included model Venetia Stevenson and the redoubtable Christopher Lee. But some time would pass before Amicus would emerge as a major producer of terror films.

DOCTOR TERROR'S HOUSE OF HORRORS made the mark. The film is notable on several counts. Number one is that it was a multi-story picture, with the hook being a group of travelers on a train who are having Tarot Card readings done by Doctor Terror (Peter Cushing) to pass the time on their journey. Director Freddie Francis captured a mood that for some reason never really came out of the films he made for Hammer. Besides Peter Cushing, the buffs also had Christopher Lee and Michael Gough. Gough had played Arthur Holmwood in Hammer's *HORROR OF DRACULA* and had starred in quite a few Herman Cohen films such as *HORRORS OF THE BLACK MUSEUM* and *THE BLACK ZOO*. Donald Sutherland was also among the travelers aboard the ill fated train. The color

photography was excellent and effective, as was the music score. Multi-story films could work . . . and did.

Most films have some amusing behind the scenes stories and *DOCTOR TERROR'S HOUSE OF HORRORS* is no exception. Milton told me of some of the "horrors" they had gone through while filming. There was a scene where a rat had an important part. Except, in this case, the "rat" was a large white mouse. In order to transform a white mouse into a brown rat something *had* to be done. They sprinkled the creature with powdered chocolate. No one knew that the rodent had a sweet tooth. As soon as it was well powdered the hungry mouse would lick off the chocolate. He had quite an appetite, and after much hair pulling the scene was shot.

When the film censor saw the crawling hand sequence, the one with Mr. Lee as the art critic, he thought it was *too* convincing. Amicus had to have another mechanical hand made. One that would look less realistic on screen. This is a producers headache on a film that has a limited budget.

But *DOCTOR TERROR'S HOUSE OF HORRORS* was a success. In fact it was one of Paramount's top money spinners that year. Amicus were on their way.

Milton Subotsky is a reader. As a rule, he will read about twenty-five books a week. He is always on the lookout for good motion picture properties. Author Robert Bloch seemed to have the style that Milton was searching for.

THE SKULL was Amicus' next venture into terror. Based on Bloch's *THE SKULL OF THE MARQUIS DE SADE*, which was a short story, it was developed into a slick ninety minute film, with Freddie Francis once again directing. The cast also boasted Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee.



Who has the last laugh now. Peter Cushing tosses and turns thinking only of his ill-gotten treasure. From THE SKULL, based on the Robert Bloch story.

The story deals with Cushing, who is a collector of supernatural effects, and gets the polished skull of the Marquis de Sade. But it is the owner who gets possessed. The late Patrick Wymark played a seedy thief who helped Cushing acquire many of his treasures, and whose final payment was death. Lee met his fate at the hands of Peter Cushing once again . . . but this time not as a villain.

THE SKULL was a good mood piece, opening with the discovery of the skull more than a hundred years ago. The bulk of the film took place in modern England. The final scene, with Cushing, throat torn out with the infamous skull on his chest was effective and unexpected. Amicus had scored again.

It is strange but a lot of picturegoers thought that the Amicus films were made by Hammer. In fact *fan mail* would be sent to Hammer rather than to Milton assumed that it was really no mystery as few people really read titles . . . and if Cushing and Lee were in a film . . . it must be Hammer's.

TORTURE GARDEN returned to the multi-story form, but this time using Bloch short stories. TERROR OVER HOLLYWOOD was effective, with Robert Hutton playing an actor who has not changed physically in years, and a young starlet who wants "in" on the secret. She ends up as one of the "chosen few" . . . a semi-robot, with no emotion. Perhaps the best story in the film was THE MAN WHO COLLECTED POE. This starred Jack Palance and Peter Cushing. Palance was brilliant as a collector who *must* have whatever Poe material is on hand. Little did he suspect that Cushing had Poe, back from the dead, madly writing in his basement. Palance showed his acting ability as well as he did in CONTEMPT. For those who have not seen that Godard film, which was made in Italy in 1962, it is really worth catching. Palance plays an American film producer. It also starred Brigitte Bardot and Fritz Lang, who played the director.

If one saw the size of Amicus as a company they might be shocked. The office at Shepperton consists of Subotsky and his secretary. Milton knows the film business inside out. He is not only a writer/producer, but he functions at the beginning of a project as a production

manager. He will go through the task of making out preproduction budgets . . . which is no easy job. He also, due to his small overhead, can put the money on the screen, something that a larger company cannot do because of staff expenses. Milton puts time and thought into a project before it is presented. In fact, THE HOUSE THE DRIPPED BLOOD was slated to go almost three years before it finally went before the cameras. This project was in the hands of Columbia Pictures in the U.K. and they had come up with preproduction monies. But the people who were involved at Columbia with the project left after a change in management, and the new board scrubbed everything their predecessors had scheduled.

Amicus also made several films that did not come to America. DANGER ROUTE got a very spotty distribution. The film starred Richard Johnson.

DR WHO took years to get to this country. It was based on the successful BBC Television series. The Amicus version starred Peter Cushing and Roy Castle. In America it was a disaster.

Subotsky was a great fan of the EC Comics. We got into a conversation about them over dinner one evening near his home in Mada Vale, which is just outside Lon-



Strange going on in DR TERROR'S HOUSE OF HORRORS, released by Paramount.

don. Milton said at that time that he had always wanted to make a film based on the now legendary comics. Since at the time our offices were also at Shepperton, I brought him the Ballantine paperback reprint books. This must have started his mind working.

SCREAM AND SCREAM AGAIN was a co-production between Amicus and AIP. Milton had written the first version of the script, but AIP's London head, Louis (Deek) Heyward assigned the writing to one of his regulars, Chris Wicking. Milton was not overjoyed by this, but knowing the business kept his opinions very quiet.

SCREAM AND SCREAM AGAIN was directed by Gordon Hessler. Hessler had been a Hollywood television director and had to his credits many of the hour *Alfred Hitchcock* shows. Hessler had the right pacing for the film. Because it was an AIP co-production, Vincent Price was starred. But Christopher Lee was also right there, as was Peter Cushing (for one scene). The film is rather difficult to follow as it is at least four plots running at the same time that finally met at the very end. In fact when the film was being edited it resembled Milton's original conception more than Wicking's rewrite. I read shortly after the films release that some fans still wondered who was taller, Christopher Lee or Vincent Price. For the record, they are the same height. Six foot four.

Milton had written a version of *Frankenstein* some years ago and had a unique idea about how the film should be made. He had come up with a new 3D process. In fact it worked while watching television. One evening, when SCREAM AND SCREAM AGAIN was going through the last of its post production, Hessler and myself were introduced to the process at Milton's home. He handed us a pair of glasses and turned on his color television. To my surprise it worked . . . really worked. It was Milton's thought that if a film were shot, with the process in mind, it would be equally as effective as any of the early films made in 3D.

I had, at the time, just completed a *Dracula* script, based one hundred percent on Stoker's novel. We planned to make both FRANKENSTEIN and DRACULA with the new process.

This was in 1969, and even then the film industry was going through a lot of changes. There was very little money around for making of motion pictures. I set to work talking to investors. After months of work I raised some money through my accountants in California . . . but we didn't have enough to make one film, much less two. We came very close after a meeting between Milton, Max and myself with Gerry Fernback, who had produced ISLAND OF TERROR. Fernback owns a travel agency and is very active in England's film world. But at the last minute the distributor had second thoughts . . . and without distribution you have no picture. What a lot of people don't realize is that the distribution company spends more money on release prints and advertising than the actual film costs to produce. That is why a film has to make two and a half times the amount of the budget to break even.

Subotsky and Rosenberg had made just prior to this THE MIND OF MR. SOAMES. For some reason that too had very minor distribution.

They also produced Pinter's, THE BIRTHDAY PARTY, which I have yet to see.

Another venture was a Sandy Dennis film titled; THANK YOU ALL VERY MUCH. That now ends up

on television. It had so many titles I can't remember what the original was. Another trick that a distributor has . . . they can change the title.

Amicus had a pretty rough time after completion of SCREAM AND SCREAM AGAIN. THE HOUSE THAT DRIPPED BLOOD was in limbo and there were no other projects lined up. Milton was involved on a rewrite of a Jekyll and Hyde piece that he had written years before . . . the titles, yes, titles were; I WERE-WOLF, I VAMPIRE and lastly, I MONSTER.

Months passed. I was busy on a number of rewrites and doing some television scripting for Bob Baker and Roger Moore at Elstree Studios. Now and again I would see Milton at Shepperton but things were slow.

It was nearly a year later when THE HOUSE THAT DRIPPED BLOOD was ready to go. The tide had turned.



During a marvelous special effects sequence, a disembodied hand reaches out for Barbara Parkins in ASYLUM, distributed by Cinerama Releasing

Joe Sugar of Cinerama is a man who knows the business. It was through Cinerama that THE HOUSE THAT DRIPPED BLOOD got off the deck.

Again the plots were Robert Bloch's. Again we had Peter Cushing, Christopher Lee and an all-in-all terrific cast.

In this case the house is the villain, and all those who rent it end up on the short end. Cushing loses his head in WAXWORKS. Christopher Lee gets burned in the voodoo segment, and Ingrid Pitt bares her fangs once again, among other things.

The film is a good mood piece, and all the stories are tight. There is terror as well as humor, which is well knit throughout. In some respects it is perhaps one of Amicus best features.

A short time after completion of THE HOUSE THAT DRIPPED BLOOD Subotsky produced I MONSTER. But as far as any release is concerned I know of none. It did star Christopher Lee.

I was in Miami working on a television series and journeyed to New York with a film deal I was working on with Cinerama when I learned of TALES FROM THE CRYPT. Yes, after all those years Milton was going to make the picture.

The plots for TALES FROM THE CRYPT were essentially what were used in the Ballantine Books version. Although the picture was a boxoffice success it lacked a lot of the impact that the comic stories had. Perhaps it had something to do with being filmed in England, or the padding that it took to extend the tales to fit into cinematic form.

VAULT OF HORROR suffered about the same fate.

In the long run it was even worse off, as the distribution was not the best. In some sections of the country it wasn't even shown.

ASYLUM got better distribution, and was a better picture. Again Subotsky called on Robert Bloch stories. Amicus seemed to have the best going for them when they returned to the old formula.

The plot of ASYLUM was a bit shaggy but all-in-all it worked. Peter Cushing was at his best in the Weird Taylor segment. Years before on Boris Karloff's THRILLER TV show this story had been done, but the



Peter Cushing steps into the Waxworks, from *THE HOUSE THAT DRIPPED BLOOD*

color version in the framework of the whole film was a superior effort.

The latest films from Amicus I have not seen. I have heard that they have done several in the past two years.

In one respect when I think of Amicus I think of the multi-story film, although pictures such as *THE DEADLY BEES* and *THE PSYCHOPATH* were effective. These were titles made between *DOCTOR TERROR* and *TORTURE GARDEN*. Both were Robert Bloch screenplays . . . and both were boxoffice hits.

As mentioned earlier, a lot of film goes thought the Amicus product was from Hammer. Hammer, rather than being upset that another company were having a success producing horror films, watched with curiosity. Hammer, although a small company, had little to fear from Amicus . . . in fact, they thought the competition was good for the business in general.

In 1974, there was a marked slowdown in production from Amicus (and from Hammer too, for that matter). But, as Milton would say, "you do what you have to do." And he does.

Following is the screen treatment for the WAXWORKS segment of THE HOUSE THAT DRIPPED BLOOD. It has never been published in a magazine of this type before and we thought you might enjoy this brief, but hopefully rewarding, excursion behind the scenes of filmmaking. We, the editors, would like to thank Russ and the people responsible for making this treatment available to us.

"WAXWORKS" OUTLINE FOR THE HOUSE THAT DRIPPED BLOOD

The cottage is taken by Philip Grayson, a retired businessman, who has never married, never been in love (or . . . perhaps, once, when he was very young . . . and it ended in pain and disappointment, after which he threw himself into his work). Mr. Stikar asks him if he won't get bored all alone in the cottage and Philip says he's used to it. However, he soon finds that all the things he'd looked forward to doing on retirement—reading, listening to music, painting, etc. are boring. And everything he touches seems to remind him of what he missed in life. Magazines have pictures of pretty girls and lovers, books on painting or sculpture open to romantic scenes, the radio plays Tchaikovsky's "Nona But The Lonely Heart." Impatiently, Philip

closes the book he is reading or switches off the radio—and goes out.

He wanders through the streets of the small seaside town nearby. It is autumn and most of the summer tourist attractions have closed. One, however, is still open—a small and impoverished-looking waxworks exhibition. Amused—and having nothing else to do—Philip goes in.

He finds himself in a small hall—with perhaps two-dozen shabby figures. He wanders around, looking at them. Suddenly—as he turns a corner—he finds in an alcove the wax image of a beautiful woman. It is the figure of Salome and, in her hands she holds a large plate with the severed head of John the Baptist on it. Philip stares at her

for a moment, then turns to go. The wax image stares at Philip's back and he finds himself stopping, as if hypnotized, and turning back. He approaches the statue once more—and stares at it. After a while, he tears himself away and leaves the waxworks.

Back at the cottage, Philip tries to read—and finds he cannot. He stares into the fire—and sees in it the face of the woman of wax.

The next day, he buys a ticket to the waxworks once more. The Proprietor looks at him as if wondering why he has come back.

Philip approaches the waxwork and stares at it. The waxwork stares back. A voice behind Philip says: "She is beautiful, isn't she?" It is the Proprietor. "The most beautiful woman I have ever

seen," says Philip. "Was she modeled from life?" "From life," says the Proprietor, after a pause. "Yes." He leaves before Philip can ask any more questions. Philip follows him and stops him halfway across the room.

"Who was the model?" asks Philip.

"My wife," says the Proprietor. Back in the cottage, Philip is asleep. The window is open, the curtains blow into the room. Philip wakes—and sees in the dark a woman, the one from the waxworks. Frightened, he turns on the light. The room is empty.

The next day Philip buys a ticket from the Proprietor and goes into the waxworks once more. He stares at the waxwork. The Proprietor comes up behind him:

Proprietor: You admire her? Come back for a glimpse of her? You are too late, my friend. She is dead.

Philip: Dead?

Proprietor: Many years ago, I said yesterday that I modelled her from life. That was not quite correct. I modelled her after she was murdered.

Philip: Murdered? But—why have her here? These are all murderers—the Emperor Tiberius, Gilles de Retz, the notorious Bluebeard, Jack the Ripper, Landru, Dr. Crippen. She was a victim.

Proprietor: She was a murderess.

Philip: But you said . . .

Proprietor: I found her one day—with an axe—and the body of my best friend. She couldn't say why she had done it. Madness—it can come to any of us. It was the state that murdered her. They let me come down to the morgue—and make a model of her body. It is my best work. Men come in and stare at her, the way you did. I don't believe many of them know the story, but if they did, they would still come. You will come again, won't you, even though you know?

Philip: (after a pause) No. I don't think so. Goodbye.

There is a knock on the door of the cottage. Philip opens the door to Neville Rogers, an old friend from the City. Rogers explains that he was passing and thought he would look in. Philip invites him to stay overnight.

At breakfast the next morning, Rogers asked Philip if he isn't bored. "What do you do with yourself?" he asks. Philip says he goes to town occasionally. Rogers offers to drive him in.

In town, Rogers sees the waxworks and suggests they go in. Philip says no. "Oh, come on," says Rogers. "Nothing else to do in this blasted place." The Proprietor gives Philip a knowing look as he goes in.

Philip tries to tell Rogers to leave before they turn the corner to the alcove in which the wax-



work is standing, but Rogers notices the waxwork and approaches it in much the same, almost hypnotized way that Philip did on his visit. Rogers exclaims at the beauty of the women, and how alive the waxwork looks in its loveliness. Philip begins to realize that Rogers, too, is falling under the spell of the waxwork. Then he looks down and notices that there is a new head on the plate. This one is blond, whereas the old one had been dark. The Proprietor explains that the old head had been damaged and he had replaced it with another, but only temporarily.

The next morning, Philip says goodbye to Rogers outside the cottage. Rogers asks if he can drop Philip in town. "No, thanks," says Philip. "I might walk over later in the day."

In town later, Philip walks down the street and notices Rogers' car parked near the waxworks. Puzzled, Philip purchases a ticket and

starts to go into the museum. A man on his way out bumps into him, Philip turns and recognizes Rogers. He calls after him, but Rogers does not turn. Philip and the Proprietor look at each other.

When Philip returns to the cottage he finds Rogers waiting for him. Rogers asks Philip what he knows about the model for the waxwork. They are almost jealous of each other, then realize that they have both been drawn to the same woman—e women who is not even alive. They cannot understand the attraction, but feel that there is something to fear and that they must stay away from the museum. Rogers must return to London, but says that he will phone Philip the next day.

The next day—the phone rings and Philip answers it. It is Rogers. He says that he started back for London, but found that he couldn't go. He is in a hotel room in the town. "Something draws me to her," says Rogers. "I don't know what."

"Stay where you are," says Philip. "It'll be right there."

Philip goes to Rogers' hotel room and finds Rogers gone, although all his things are still there.

Philip goes to the wax museum. He approaches the waxwork. She is now holding Rogers' head. He turns quickly and finds the Proprietor baring his way to the exit. The Proprietor is holding an axe. He tells Philip that it was not his wife who murdered his best friend, but he, because his friend was having an affair with her. When he modelled her, he thought she would be his forever—but others came and admired her. Others—like Philip.

He swings the axe at Philip, and there is a battle all over the museum, ending back near the waxwork of the Proprietor's wife. The Proprietor swings the axe, misses Philip and chops into the head of the waxwork, the wax parts revealing a real skull underneath. As Philip stares at it, the Proprietor swings his axe.

A young man walks along the street towards the wax museum. He buys a ticket and enters. The Proprietor looks after him. The young man discovers the beautiful waxwork. On the plate in its hand is Philip's head.

LEGEND OF

By Eric Hoffman

EDITOR'S NOTE: It may be some time before you see this film. Warners, the company originally signed to distribute this film in America, has shelved it and there is no further word on anyone else picking it up yet. Still, we felt it an interesting behind the scenes mini-view with some interesting stills.

The Undead meet Kung Fu! Once more Peter Cushing stalks the vampire legions! East meets West as supernatural menace confronts the martial arts!


The above not only sounds melodramatic, but also like ad-lines for a film. But, in a nutshell, they are the basis for an unusual step by Hammer Films in their roster of terror productions dealing with the dreaded menace of the Dracula.

When Bruce Lee opened the way for the Martial Arts picture to capture the imagination of the world's film audiences (what person who has viewed these films hasn't imagined being able to wipe out several opponents single-handed . . . and with the same style and flair), it was somehow inevitable that the "kung-fu" film would become the object of attempts to merge it with other genres of film.

The western gunslinger has already joined forces with the martial arts in **BLOOD MONEY**, a co-production between Italian film mogul Carlo Ponti and Run Run Shaw, one of Hong Kong's biggest film-makers (the other being Golden Harvest's Raymond Chow, who produced Bruce Lee's motion pictures). This variation on the "spaghetti western" teams veteran Lee Van Cleef and martial arts star Lo Lieh.

But it took Hammer Films to see the possibility of combining one of their most familiar variations in horror with the visually exciting, and slightly otherworldly facets of the Chinese action picture. The result is **LEGEND OF THE 7 GOLDEN VAMPIRES**, which fits as much in **DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU**, as in **MONSTERS OF THE MOVIES**.

The "Golden Vampires" of the title are just that . . . undead fiends in bizarre oriental robes and masks who use their powers to raise legions of the dead and claim



victims. Of course, their reign of terror cannot go unchallenged. Appearing to hurl down the gauntlet, so to speak, is that renowned fighter of evil, Dr. Van Helsing. Yes, the same Dr. Van Helsing who has done battle with Count Dracula time and again.

When the film was being put together, it was un-

GOLDEN

THE SEVEN



thinkable not to have Peter Cushing in the role he made famous. However, unlike his two previous appearances as the character, this is the original Van Helsing, not a modern-day descendant.

However, not only is the **LEGEND OF THE 7 GOLDEN VAMPIRES** a vampire-cum-martial-arts picture,

it is also, in its own way, an entry into Hammer's Dracula series, through a peculiar set of circumstances. When the co-production agreement was finalized between Hammer and the Shaw Brothers company (of which Run Run Shaw is head), the British organization found itself the recipient of a particular demand from the Shaw group . . . Dracula must be in the picture!

It seems that films dealing with the master of the Undead are great favorites with the Far East audiences. Sensing the opportunity to incorporate Hammer's most famous vampire into the film (plus the fact that they were footing part of the bill), the Shaws made their demand. Hammer complied. Screenwriter-producer Don Houghton revamped his script to add a prologue and finale in which Dracula would appear and be the cause of the various unnatural events.

The next problem came with finding someone to play Dracula. Christopher Lee had publicly severed his association with the fangs and cape of the Hammer series (although, fortunately, not from films of the macabre) so there was no chance of getting him to assume Dracula's identity one more time. Instead, actor John Forbes-Robertson, who had already portrayed a vampire in **THE VAMPIRE LOVERS**, was cast as the first of what may be a series of attempted replacements for Lee in the role of Dracula. Forbes-Robertson has a formidable tradition to follow.

Directed by Roy Ward Baker (who had directed **SCARS OF DRACULA**, among others, for Hammer), **LEGEND OF THE 7 GOLDEN VAMPIRES** begins in the forests of Transylvania. Kah, a pagan Chinese monk who worships the forces of evil, has made a pilgrimage to Castle Dracula in order to worship at the tomb of his idol. His presence (and possibly rituals) revive Dracula, who rises from his tomb ("like a Wurlitzer [organ] from the orchestra pit," according to one British film magazine) and he proceeds to annihilate the personality of his disciple as the prelude to a diabolical plan. He will destroy the true Kah and then inhabit the monk's body, using it as a disguise so he may walk the earth once again and spread his doctrine of vampirism.

We then cut to a period several years later. In Imperial China, around 1904, at the University of

VAMPIRES



The disciple has now travelled back to China, preparing to take a victim of his own.

A golden vampire about to take his victim—unless Van Helsing and his party can arrive in time.



Chungking. Professor Lawrence Van Helsing, noted anthropologist and expert on the supernatural, is lecturing to a group of students and professors. He is comparing the ancient legend of the 7 Golden Vampires and their practices with the unholy work of Dracula, his old adversary. Part of the legend tells of a village that was terrorized by the vampires and of the horrible fate dealt out by the living dead to one man who dared to defy them. While some of his audience is skeptical, Van Helsing asks for assistance in locating this unknown village. One of the students, Hsi Ching, informs Van Helsing that the village is his ancestral home, in the province of Ping Kwei. His grandfather was the man who was killed by the vampires. To prove what he has said, Hsi Ching shows Van Helsing one of the gold pendants worn by the vampires.

Hsi Ching manages to persuade Van Helsing, along with his son and Vanessa, a wealthy adventuress, to accompany him to Ping Kwei and see the vampire legend for himself. Also joining the group are Hsi Ching's brothers and his sister Mai Kwei—all martial arts experts with a particular specialty (two of the brothers, twins, are expert swordsmen, for example).

When Van Helsing's group stops at a large cave for the night, things begin to happen. Deadly vampire bats swoop down from the cave's ceiling, transforming into the sought-after vampires. Outside in the darkness, zombies are raised from the ground by the Undead's unholy

powers. In the ensuing fight, the zombies are driven off and three of the vampires are killed, pierced through the heart.

The climax of the film is the battle between Van Helsing's forces and that of the vampires. Vanessa is attacked by one of the Undead, fanged and turned into a vampire as well. She in turn attacks Hsi Ching who, realizing that he has been infected with the incurable seeds of evil, impales both himself and Vanessa upon one of the huge wooden poles. A most unusual, and grim, solution.

Things get wrapped up in a whirlwind style with Van Helsing and Dracula eventually confronting each other in the vampires' temple.

Backing up Cushing in his vampire fighting endeavors are martial arts stars David Chiang (Hsi Ching) and lovely Shih Szu (Mai Kwei). The gorgeous Julie Ege is Vanessa Buren while Robin Stewart is Van Helsing's son Leyland (wonder where he ever found time to sire a son with all his vampire-fighting activities?).

In Hong Kong, the film was released by Shaw Bros. as **DRACULA AND THE 7 GOLDEN VAMPIRES**, while in the rest of the world, it will be distributed under its original title. Upon its opening in England, the film reportedly grossed a whopping \$24,000 in its opening week in London!

Who knows, maybe there's something to KungFu and vampires together?



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Once Upon A Time There Was



A Vampire...

being an interview with Mr. Jonathan Frid—and a review of his new film, SEIZURE.
by Chris Claremont

Once upon a time there was a vampire named Barnabas Collins, who was created almost by accident to bolster the somewhat disappointing ratings of a New York-based soap opera titled *Dark Shadows*; and who turned out instead, to almost singlehandedly transform the show from a fairly dismal prospect into one of the really hot numbers of daytime TV. He also spawned two feature films based on the exploits of Mr. Collins and the other somewhat strange members of the Collins family of Collinsport, Maine and helped make Producer Dan Curtis' reputation in the industry as a producer of high-quality horror material (most prominent among his later productions was the fantastically successful TV-movie, *THE NIGHT STALKER*—which, in turn, spawned a series of its own under the same title).

Not bad for a character originally designed to be a three-four week fill-in gimmick.

But we digress. For this article is not so much about the character, Barnabas Collins, but the man who essentially made him what he is today, the actor who took a screenwriter's conception and breathed life into it—and, without quite realizing how, creating a sensation—*Jonathan Frid*.

I met Mr. Frid in New York, in the offices of Cinerama Releasing Corporation—the operation responsible for releasing his latest film, *SEIZURE* (about which, more will be said anon)—on a typical New York early summer blah afternoon where there seemed to be too many people, too many cars, and too much stinking gunk in the atmosphere—and one is left wondering what the point of building cities was in the first place. And wondering why one put up with it.

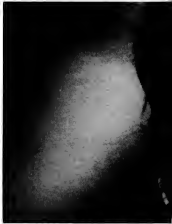
The first thing one notices about Jonathan Frid is that—cliche though it may often be—he is a very nice man. Soft-spoken, gentle, considerate, his every action belying the fearsome nature of the characters he has been portraying lately. We got our hellos over fairly quickly, settled down for a moment of introductory small talk—he sipping coffee, me grape juice—and then we got down to business. I began by asking him just how he had first gotten involved with *Dark Shadows*?

He replied that—back then, in those pre-vampire days—he had been down in Florida, doing regional

stock theatre. . .

JONATHAN FRID: We finished this tour in Florida, and I decided to stay down there for two or three weeks. I'd told my agent at the time that I was going to California to teach—my great ambition was to get a job in some Drama Department and do my own thing in that situation. And I said, I don't know when I'll be back in New York. I stayed less than two weeks and got back with no intentions of calling him necessarily. He didn't know when I was coming back; he thought about three weeks. Anyway, I got home, and I was opening my door and the phone was ringing. And I dropped the bags—I thought it was a friend of my room-mate's or something—and it was my agent.

And he said, "Oh you are back." I said, "Yes, I decided to come back a



week early." "Well," he said, "I thought I'd just take a chance and call you" (call me once was the implication). Anyway, there was a soap opera called *Dark Shadows* and they wanted a vampire, I said, "Now, look, George, I told you I'm going to the Coast. I want to go and carry through with the plan." And he said, "Well, when are you going?" I said, "Well, it'll take two or three weeks to a month to get my things together, find out where I'm going to be." He said, "This is only two or three shots;

you'll have a little extra money to go to the Coast with." And I said, "No, no, no, no." "Come on; go up and try; it's only for two or three shots." So I said, "Fine," very indifferent to the whole thing. That's what happened—you know the rest.

But it was funny, that phone call. Now if I had been a minute later . . . I wouldn't have called him. He wouldn't have called me again. He just took a chance—he wasn't really interested in the idea—he just thought, well, I'll call Jon, see if he



... But then, of course, you see, the thing that makes you wonder ... was all the things you never have done because you missed that minute. I mean, the thousands of things, millions and trillions of things that could have happened in our lives that never have happened because of a minute one way or the other.

MOM: The alternate route things ... I mean, had you arrived a minute later—had you missed the phone call—perhaps a whole different ...

FRID: Well, you see, the thing I feel

about life is that you decide what you're going to do with your life. I don't believe in Fate—I'm supposed to be a Presbyterian but I don't believe in that predestination. You make your own life. And you do it the way you will. You *will* your way thru life and you do what you want to do. You think of all the things you would like to have done—*Nuts!* You would have done them if you *really* wanted to—you do exactly what you want. If you do nothing; that's exactly what you wanted to do. If you

want to do something once in a while, that's what you want to do and that's what you do. End of speech. Get down to the nitty gritty.

MOM: That's weird, what you just said about man's ... free will. It seems to have a lot to do with the themes of both *SEIZURE* and *Dark Shadows*. Your character in *SEIZURE* seems trapped ...

FRID: I don't think he's trapped. I think he gets exactly what he deserves with respect to his own life. He ruins it deliberately just by his chemistry.

I like to think you bring some of your own character—personality—to your roles. My life is so much like his in a way. I mean, I've ruined so many things in my life—you know, I know perfectly well what I should do and I shouldn't do most of the time—and if I don't do something—you let yourself go and ... I haven't had that experience yet and I hope I never do. Of course, the film occurs within a dream—after all, the character's life hasn't been that bad; it's only like that in the dream. He dreams that—except that he has a heart attack from having had the dream so many times. Who knows how many people have died of heart attacks from utter exhaustion after nightmares.

MOM: Watching the film, I felt that the impact might have been stronger if there'd been more people there, if it had been in a theatre, with a

crowd, the people's own vibrations building on each other. There were only two of us there in the screening room and it was kind of a controlled situation. It's funny; in this genre you start a kind of game at the beginning of the film, wondering who's going to get it when; you kind of figure some people are marked . . .

FRID: Do you find that it's the value of suspense in the picture? I don't see it.

MOM: Well, there wasn't much suspense for me, actually. That started when it was just you and your wife and the son. You know, facing Kali and the giant and the dwarf. It was like a one-on-one situation. And then your wife died—committed suicide—and then the conflict was Kali saying, "Give him up. Give me your son." And you suddenly come forward and we wonder, well, what's he going to do? Would he sacrifice himself—kind of half-knowing ourselves that he won't—and just seeing the character going thru that conflict—physically as well as emotionally—that's what was nice about the performance. A very solid performance that was . . . enjoyable, if the word can be applied.

FRID: I can't tell . . . I can't tell whether a picture's any good or not. I mean—you know—I liked it. But I can't tell where the best dramatic values, the suspense—when he was watching the door or he was fascinated by this character or are you pulled wondering what's going to happen next? It's a curious thing. I haven't heard anyone speak that way about the film. I've never discussed the picture with anybody but it's interesting that you say that there are moments of at least a suspense of concern . . . what way will he go, that sort of thing.

MOM: One had the feeling, the suspicion, I guess—basically because I've seen the style done before—that it was a dream. But at the same time, one wondered; usually dreams have happy endings, because you're in complete control of the situation. Theoretically. Yet this dream was wiping out people right, left and center . . .

FRID: You say dreams usually . . .

MOM: It seems.

FRID: Lord, I've had some nightmares—a nightmare is out of control.

MOM: I find it's hard to find people who even remember their dreams. I personally forget ninety percent of them . . .



FRID: Oh, you don't remember the early ones. But what I like to do—and I'm a constant dreamer—is I wake up and even if it's a horrible thing, I lay there letting the dream kind of—not analyzing it—but letting it continue, the feel of it, let my emotions go with it. And then as I gradually wake up more and more and more I bring my analytical powers into play and work on the dream. But I keep it happening. It's become a little dream of mine and even if it's a depressing dream—a nightmare—and it's *depressing*. I know that all I have to do is get up out of bed and go make a cup of coffee. And my depression ends. So . . . it's like therapy. I let the depression go right thru me and as it's bathing I start to capture with my brain what it is. What is it at the core of the depression, really? Not what does the dream mean. But yes, in a way, it's that, but . . . I love to get at the core of the . . .

This morning for instance—it was funny—the phone rang. A friend of mine called very early and I was having a nightmare—a dream; it was not quite a nightmare—I was taking off in a plane. And there was something in the middle of the

plane—it was a banquet or whatever, I don't know; it was big. I wasn't quite sure what it was. But anyway. It was a constant thought of mine on a plane that I'm always fascinated and rather fearful of a plane's take-off. I mean, it's that you can't stop; you've got to go with it, and I've never been on a plane yet that I haven't been somewhat conscious of that take-off. And that was what the dream was about. It was a nightmare and I was wondering—not frantically, but just kind of curiously wondering—are we going to make it?

I said to my friend, "God damn you, I was just having a beautiful nightmare. I was in a plane, taking off, and if it hadn't been for your phone call I would have found out whether we got off the ground or not."

Well, I was curious to know.

MOM: That's interesting, the way you yourself let the dream flow thru you. The character you portrayed in *SEIZURE* woke up, thought it was all over, walked into the bathroom—repeating the beginning of the film—and all of a sudden he hadn't gotten out of the dream at all. It had gotten worse. The dream had become the reality.



FRID: Well, of course. That's entirely the reason of the film, I think. I'm still confused about it, too. It is a dream at the end of the picture—but you know that was very arbitrary. I think the original ending of the script was reality. But that's just a dramaturgical device; they made the end into a dream, which I think is much more effective. The character has a stroke from dreaming his dream so often.

MOM: One watches the character wake up and thinks, okay, cool, it's a dream and we're all back to square one. And then he walks into the bathroom and they break the rules because there's his wife's suicide note—"I love you"—scrawled on the mirror and the Kali figure is jumping out of the bed and seems to destroy him literally. And that's something one hadn't really expected.

FRID: It's still within the realm of possibility. I mean, I've done it myself. That's my worst nightmare, actually, waking up from a nightmare and finding that it's *not*, it's real within the nightmare.

MOM: At the end of the film, your

character goes, "Ohhh, I've made it." One gets the feeling that each night is a battle and here he's finally made it to the finish line, one more night, and then he finds he hasn't and that's what destroys him. In that, one assumes that in his dream he doesn't have to fear destroying everyone he knows and loves and cares for as long as it's a dream. That's what shattered him, I think; him thinking that as this is a dream, everything's all right. And then to find out that it isn't.

FRID: Of course, he's dead in the bed at the end, so he hadn't gotten out of bed to go to the bathroom at all in reality. Just a double twist.

I love the way that picture ends, and I love that shot the next morning—you know, the peaceful morning.

MOM: I was sitting there, honestly thinking: "Oh man, is that milkman ever going to get a surprise. He's going to find a body in the lake and fifteen-odd bodies scattered around the house and grounds." And I was sitting there waiting for his reaction.

FRID: That's not the way I... of course, knowing the story, I just saw



the irony.

MOM: Yes, once one gets into the irony. But those minutes when the man is coming up the drive, one is thinking, "Wow! This is going to be right out of Hitchcock, or Roger Corman at his best. This man is going to go absolutely bananas." But then to have those footsteps come down to the milk, one thinks, "What does Kali want with milk?" And then to discover it's the wife! And the "dead" dog is still running around and the boy is still running around and one thinks, "Aha! A double reverse twist!"

FRID: Then a double reverse twist

good; I suppose because I was in it and saw how they were done. And if you're going to have horror, why not?

Violence, oddly enough, violence bores me on the screen and on television. It just bores me. It's so unreal to me. I can't stand someone being tapped with a car and knocked down in the street. I'd practically have a stroke just seeing that much violence in reality but anything on the screen, *ho-hum*. That's why I never go to those things, those "horror" films. I haven't been to see **THE EXORCIST**. I haven't been to see any of those things.

trying to get them not to make—the scene between my wife and myself in the bedroom where she tells me just what I am and . . .

MOM: They're going to cut that?

FRID: It seems to me that's the whole point of the picture.

MOM: Then what justification do you have for her committing suicide? Does she just flip out?

FRID: Again, it's Edmund's dream. It's his conception of what she would do. I think the scene's very vital—psychologically—to the story. You know, I laughed when they first told me. I said, "Don't pay any attention to me; that's my favorite scene, I'm just an actor, forget what I say." Then I started to think about it quite objectively, and I think it's stupid.

MOM: It changes the whole tenor of the character and the film.

FRID: There are parts they could cut—a lot of that racing around. The racing around is cinematically bad.

There are scenes I think are irrelevant. There's too much emphasis given to the dining room scene between Serge and Charlie—*Roger de Koven* and *Joe Sirola*—I mean, they're both marvelous actors, no doubt about that—incidentally, that's one thing I liked about the picture; there's a lot of good actors.

MOM: I know. It's surprising; usually, one doesn't see that many good actors in a horror film.

FRID: Right. The scenes are played beautifully, but I don't see what



after that.

MOM: When the son goes upstairs, one feels that Edmund—your character—is dead. But then again, there is a feeling that maybe they'll do another reverse. I don't know—you can loop it forever.

What did you think about the use of violence in the picture? A lot of it was never actually shown—but I remember watching the scene where the giant crushed *Joseph Sirola's* head, thinking as I heard the crack, "Oh, the giant's breaking *Sirola's* neck." And then when I heard the pop and saw the giant shaking his hands, one knew that he had crushed the man's skull and was shaking off the man's brains.

FRID: Was it effective for you?

MOM: It was horrifying.

FRID: It was? Again, being part of it, I just thought it was funny. You know . . . just between you and me, I didn't believe the effects were that

I like psychological—interior acting, interior stories, interior—all that stuff—I guess, is all right if it's seen. I've talked to people who were very affected by it, but I . . .

It's as I was saying a little while ago, they're making two or three cuts in *SEIZURE* and there's one cut that they're making that I've been

relevance it has to my dream—to my nightmare. Perhaps in the sense that they're just friends and they're peculiar—but I still don't understand . . .

MOM: Perhaps they justify . . . give the audience a reason for why *Sirola's* character dies the way he does. It's a pretty horrible way for a



man to die.

FRID: But it's pretty well established that He's not going to survive anyway so...

You can go on Monday morning quarterbacking forever. But on the whole I was quite staggered by the picture. I thought—I just thought it was going to be a mess. Because when you're making it under the pressures of time—five weeks.

MOM: You shot the entire film in five weeks?

FRID: Either five weeks or a little less than five weeks.

MOM: It was all shot in Canada, right? It was a beautiful setting.

MOM: That opening kind of throws you in a way because one expects that, because this is a horror film, it'll reek of horror and menace from the word Go. People cut up, things like that, to establish the right mood. But this idyllic opening took its time establishing what was going on, moving thru the events of the imagined Saturday morning. Really nothing ominous until the woman, Eunice—*Anne Meacham*—was swimming in the lake and one saw this shadowed hand among the trees on the shoreline.

FRID: You would characterize this picture as a horror picture?

FRID: I like to have hints as we go along, a little information now and then... I felt for the first half-hour you don't know how to make sense of anything.

But I find that with so many pictures nowadays. You're left at sea for the longest time and you almost have to wait till the picture's over to find out anything. I've seen two pictures lately that have fascinated me when I saw them, although I was quite ready to walk out on both of them about threequarters of an hour into each—*LOVE AND ANARCHY*, which I saw the other night; and *GOING PLACES*, which



FRID: Lovely, lovely place. I thought the opening of the film was one of the best openings I've ever seen on the screen. Through the credits, when they have that black—it's just... the first time I saw it, I saw this black background and at the end of the credits, my God, there was this beautiful lake. And so I watched it, this last time, it was just imperceptibly to the black—you know the technique—you see the lake and you don't see it. You think you're seeing something, like in a dream. You think you're seeing something and the progression is so slow, it comes on so slowly, it's fascinating to watch and then... my God! It's a beautiful statement about the whole story, the whole picture in a way—just that one technical thing, the opening shot. Whoever's idea that was, was a genius.

MOM: Yes. I think more in a sense of something like *Brian de Palma's*, *SISTERS* is a horror film. Everything resolves itself rationally at the end as to who these figures were or why they were there at your house—Kali, the Spider, Jackal the Giant—especially when the voice-over identifies your character as the Edgar Allan Poe of modern American fiction. Actually, if there was a confusing element in the film, that was it. *Who* you were. All one knows about your character is that you say you're writing a children's book and one really doesn't know what kind of books you've written before. But the fact that you are a Poe character or a Poe-like character helps clarify a lot of things. It just seems very strange to have to wait until the end of the film for everything to just bounce neatly into place as to why this is all happening.

I saw a week or two ago.

MOM: *GOING PLACES* got butchered by most of the critics.

FRID: Well, it's a pretty wild picture, you know. But there're some beautiful things in it and it's beautifully shot. One of the most gorgeous pictures I've ever seen. Of course, it's France, in beautiful, beautiful wood settings; and *Jeanne Moreau*. She was fascinating, of course. I now know what a star really is; a star is someone whom the director loves, is fascinated with. Because everything she does is just worshipped by the camera. I mean, she just eats and it's beautiful.

You know, I was just reading a script the other day that she was supposed to be doing late in September. It's produced by *Bob Davis* and it's a sort of "Ape" picture. It's called, *HOUSE OF THE KILLER APES*.

MOM: Nothing relating to Twentieth Century-Fox's Apes are they?
FRID: No. I haven't seen any of those pictures, actually. I said to Bob, "Haven't we had the Ape pictures?" But he's riding the wave: I don't know if it's too late or not. But I don't really think it's any relation to the Fox pictures.

It's about a Hollywood director who has been pissed off by the treatment he's had—and the treatment of his father who'd have been one of the giants of the industry sort of thing—a couple of years ago. He gets up at the Oscar ceremony, collects his Academy Award and says, "Screw all of you!" and goes off to Ireland to make a picture about apes with this professor who's found a special breed of apes in Africa that can be trained to do things.

But anyway, to make a long story short, it's about this director luring all these people from Hollywood over to make this marvelous picture. He has a cinematographer who is his right arm, so to speak, and is involved in this whole mess. And the two of them sic all these trained apes on the people he's lured over. His way of getting his revenge against all these people. He's lured them over to do this picture and he photographs them and he's trained the apes with dummies and fake knives. Then he gives the apes real knives and the real people arrive and he films the ensuing carnage. It's gory.

I read the script about a year ago and now Bob wants to go ahead with it. I was re-reading it the other day and I'd like to get, again, more of a psychological thing into the picture. I mean go and have your fun with all your blood and gore and everything—I don't know how he's going to do it, because there's a lot of technical things and stunt work and all that sort of thing; because it's grim; it's just about as grim, if not grimmer than *SEIZURE*.

But I'm interested in the character. I don't think Bob's properly motivated the character at this point; at this point the man's just petulant. You know what I mean, that old saw, Hollywood mistreating me and all that and now I'm going to get even. It's got to have more interest for me. And it's that close; it's just these two or three scenes to motivate him more strongly. The structure of the story's marvelous. The suspense is kind of interesting. You know how the director tries to get away, with it and he makes all

kinds of mistakes; and you wonder how can he gets away with it? But the only way to play it now is a madman, but he plays it so fast and recklessly that before people have time to realize what's happening, it's too late. And he gets his compuncance at the end. But it works—it's a very workable story. But from my point of view, the main character has got to be more motivated.

MOM: It'd be kind of an ironic twist if the film he was making with all these actors getting wiped out was finished and released and the man ended up getting a posthumous Oscar as Best Picture, Best Director.
FRID: That's an idea.

MOM: Your concern for the characters you play—how did that relate to the four years you spent playing Barnabas. Did you feel there was enough motivation when you were playing that role to sustain it?

FRID: Yes. I thought at times the character was very interesting. Depending on how it was written from day to day there would be stretches where there'd be tripe and every once in a while—I always figured that every two weeks or so we'd put out a marvelous show. Nine out of ten would just be so-so and some would be downright dreadful, but there would come a day where it would production-wise come together, acting-wise come together, and writing-wise come together. That's the fun about soap operas; that's the reality of soap operas. There's something about soap operas that's much more close to life, in spite of the put-downs—and they are very trite very often—but they do have that relation to life, in that there's no end, there's no beginning. It will not end. As one trouble starts to get solved, there's another one coming in there. It's like politics—you know, politicians are always saying, "Oh, we're doing this for future generations." And everything ends up in a status quo—static. We all work for the perfect government, the perfect life for everybody and there's no such thing. Never will be. There'll be troubles multiplying as one gets cleared up; there's something else coming in so it makes a farce of what the politicians say sometimes. The way they talk... *Utopia* will come and it'll all be there and nothing else will happen. This is silly!

And the soap opera understands this. Not conventionally, maybe, but just by the nature of it. It just keeps

on going on and on. *Dark Shadows* was that way, just like life. Sometimes it was interesting; sometimes it was bloody boring. But Barnabas... you see, as long as in one episode I got two or three emotions to play, that's all I need as an actor; as an actor in a play, I mean. If I get three or four good scenes in a play, the rest can coast; as long as I have something to play. Even in the worst scripts there's a moment each day.

My problem is just trying to get it under my belt, you know, to absorb the script and play it. I was never too critical of the thing; I was over critical of myself before I very often damned the script. A lot of actors used to damn the scripts because they learned the parts quickly and they were ready to do it, so let's have a good script. I was just so busy trying to remember the Goddamned stuff and absorb it that I never had much time to be too critical.

MOM: Was *Dark Shadows* done live?

FRID: No, it was taped. But it is virtually live. It's almost the same thing, although we used to do a lot more stop and go than most soap operas because of the special effects.

MOM: I was speaking to some people who worked on *Edge of Night* and they were talking about how they would like to get back on a live schedule because of the Watergate hearings. They were about three weeks behind and they were taping three weeks ahead—that is, they were taping shows to be telecast three weeks later, instead of live—and they were saying how they wished the political situation would settle down so they could be guaranteed their half-hour a day time slot so they could go back to doing the show live.

FRID: They wanted to be live?

MOM: Yes. The crew had the production down to a science. They used a three camera set-up and as one scene was bowing out, they'd pull one camera away and shift it to the next set—they had the day's sets grouped in a circle around the central cameras—and as the first scene ended, they'd key in the first camera and shift a second camera over to the second set. Meanwhile, the third camera would move on to a third set—or an interim set, whichever was needed next—and so on and so forth.
FRID: That's the way we did *Dark Shadows*.



Seizure

If any of you readers have been paying attention the last few pages or so, you may have noticed that Jonathon Frid and I are spending a lot of time talking about a film he has recently made—a film now in general release in various cities around the country and, according to *Variety*, the cinema business bible, doing fairly well at the box office, which is still harder than you might think, even in these days of recessed stegflation—a film entitled, *SEIZURE*. One assumes that you reading this magazine, being something of a horror film nut, will have already seen this film. However, when one got to thinking, it seemed equally logical to assume that there are those among you who might *not* have seen the film. And, consequently, might not know what the blazes Jon Frid and I are talking about. Which is a bad situation by any stretch of the imagination. I think.

Anyway, the least one can do is clue you all in on what this is all about; that is, the film. Which is what this insert is all about.

Which brings us to the film in question, *SEIZURE*. Starring *Jonathon Frid* (Edmund), *Mertine Bestwick* (Kali), *Joe Sirole* (Charlie), *Christina Pickles* (Nicole, Edmund's wife), and *Herve Villechaize* (the Spider)—along with others too numerous to name, such as *Troy Donahue* (Mark, a not-so-young stud who has the dubious distinction of being one of the first to get bumped off in this rather macabre dream of Edmund's). To continue, briefly, with the credits, the film was written by *Ed Menn & Oliver Stone*, and directed by *Oliver Stone*.

The film begins quietly, almost casually, with an opening reverse dissolve from black to the brilliantly colored autumnal shores of some North Michigan/Upper Peninsula lake nestled a fair distance out in the boondocks—near enough for civilization to be accessible but far enough away so that it isn't a constant annoyance/intrusion anymore.

Seizure

After establishing the setting in this truly spectacular shot, we move to a rich-looking, comfortable old house set at one end of the lake. And there, we meet Edmund, a writer of some repute—the Edgar Allan Poe of modern American literature, as we learn later in the film—a man trapped in a terrifying nightmare. He wakes from the nightmare, looking much the worse for wear, and stagger/stumbles into the bathroom, where he shaves and pulls himself together as best he can. It is Saturday, you see, and guests are coming.

Guests such as Mark Serge and his wife, Mikki—old Russian friends of Edmund's. And finally, Charlie and Nicole, a pleasant nouveau riche couple who we meet when Charlie stops for gas at a remote filling station only to discover that the station owner won't take his American Express super-doooper hotshot gold-trimmed exclusive executive credit card. Charlie is upset, damn near fuming; the owner merely wants cash on the barrelhead. It's a minor scene but it sets Charlie's character for the film: a beer-bellied, sun-burned nose aggressive creep (used in decorous place of a word a trifle too basic even for this enlightened magazine in this enlightened age) who digs flashing his executive club credit cards and flashing his bankroll and putting people down with a capital "D".

And the day wears on and we discover that Edmund is having trouble with his latest book, which we hear is a sort of children's story, and that one three inmates—one female, two male—have escaped from the state institution for the mentally insane, all people in the vicinity—a fair distance from Edmund's place—being warned to shut their houses up tight at night; and that Edmund's son's pet dachshund is missing—Edmund goes looking for it in the woods—and that someone mysterious is watching Charlie's wife, Eunice, swimming in the lake. Someone large and ominous.

Edmund finds the dog hung from a tree, hung by the neck until

MOM: Done just like that?

FRID: It has to be. Ninety percent of the time, we shot the show at one time, twenty minutes or so excluding commercials. In a sense, it was virtually live, even though we had to stop occasionally because of effects.

I enjoyed those four years. But I got bored with it eventually—everybody did. The writers got bored, we got repetitious. That was the reason the thing closed—I was amazed it ran as long as it did—for a soap opera it had a very short run, but for a special horror thing it ran for a hell of a long time. Because it was kind of a special show and our material was limited—you see, with most soap operas the stories are about this thing and that thing that happen in real life, and they go on and on. But our show was very special material and you repeat the vampire story once too often and you keep the werewolf story just once too often and it's much more difficult

point where you move from passive to active, your hates and so forth. I mean Barnabas was everything, he was a gentleman and then suddenly, he was a monster. He'd been motivated, you see—and a good actor can motivate these switches and be understood. I mean Barnabas was a law unto himself.

I took him very seriously. And even though it was high camp to millions—college kids and all—and it would have been awful played on the stage—I don't know how it would have worked; I mean you would have had laughter half the time—but in the silence of the studio you could take it very seriously. And the over-acting—which I was accused of doing an awful lot—I could well believe it. I knew I was over-acting because of just nervousness—of trying to get the damn thing going again. It was all... the slow, heavy weight of the speech was just... I couldn't get going, be light.



to keep that kind of special material

MOM: Especially with the long succession of ingenues...

FRID: Yes. Because it's so special. I thought it had a very healthy run for something as unusual as *Dark Shadows*. But there were many times... when I was first getting the character of Barnabas shaped, I used my Shakespeare background—I used Macbeth, I used Richard, I used Cato—I used things I've played, using emotions that I played in those roles—quiet feelings, loneliness—missing, wanting—to die. Maybe it was a blessing in disguise. MOM: It's funny, there've been a

number of revivals of the original 1921 play *DRACULA*—you know, the Hamilton Dean things—and a lot of actors have tried it. And they can't deal with it—playing the play for real—because it's such a 1920's piece. They almost have to go back to the classical vampire/high camp kind of thing.

We've interviewed Barry Atwater, who played the vampire in Dan Curtis' *NIGHT STALKER*, and he said that his conception of the vampire was that he was very much like a heroin addict. He had this addiction and nothing was going to stand between him and what he needed. It wasn't a question of morality or im-

morality; it was just essential to his life. *Bela Lugosi* and *Christopher Lee*, on the other hand, are generally assumed to embody a more classic evil.

FRID: Well, that's no comparison. I mean, even playing in a classic style, you still have to motivate your character.

I suppose my style came across probably more strongly than my motivation because I was just trying to keep my service acting going, keep the lines going, keep the movement going. It's funny, though, I've been up for so many commercials that I cannot get because they all want me to "do my thing." They call me in to do monster things. And they say, "Well, Mr. Frid, this should be easy for you, you know," and so I read the damn thing and they say, "No, no, no; do your thing!" And I'll say "Well, I'm sorry, I don't have a 'thing.'" "Oh, but you do; you have this monster thing you do," I don't

know, like I'm supposed to have tricks to do or something.

I just play a man, the writing took care of the vampire. The only thing I ever did which I hate were those scenes—I felt so damn foolish—where I'd bite the neck of someone. But I did that only about twenty times in the four years I was playing the role. And I always felt so silly when I did it because they always wanted to show off the god-damned teeth. I just always was embarrassed with those scenes, just get them over with.

But the rest of the time, I played a man with an addiction and I knew I had to, you know, be seriously motivated. I had to eat. But my guilt was that I was living in a world of humans who had other values and I was trying—I did—relate to people, and I knew this affliction of mine was up against a whole way of living among normal people that I loved. And so that conflict is what I played

those four years. The lie, hiding what I was—which is always a fearful looking thing when a person is hiding something. They always look ... frightened. They're hiding behind a mask; that's what made that a factor. But in my own inner planning, it was hiding, trying to keep my secret, and at the same time trying to deal with that problem in my affairs with other people. Which made it an interesting thing to play, all the colors involved ...

MOM: You said that you'd been up for commercials and you've had problems with being type-cast. I'm curious about that because the only thing I'd seen you in prior to *SEIZURE* was a TV-movie on ABC, *THE DEVIL'S DAUGHTER*. Your role in that was fun, in a way, because it was silent, no dialogue; it was kind of nice ...

FRID: I was kind of disappointed with the part. They said they were going to make me much more of a



Seizure

dead. He tells his wife but does not tell his son. Night falls. The teen-age girl at the house to help Nicole with dinner leaves for home, she doesn't get very far. A black giant with a scarred face, dressed in leather and looking scary as hell, ambushes her. And then the giant and his two companions cut the phone lines leading out of the house, and steal the distributor caps on all the car engines. The house and all the guests are cut off.

And then they attack. A black giant, a dwarf and a beautiful, black haired, crimson lipped goddess-woman. Three of the guests die in the first moments of confusion; the rest are captured, trussed up like fowls.

Sentenced to death.

The woman, the Queen (*Martine Beswick*), tells them they will all die, all save those who manage to survive until morning. The rest will be killed. The survivors do not believe this, even when they are forced to run a frightening race for life around the house—Edmund and Nicole make a break for their car, discover they can't start it, hurry to rejoin the race and catch up lost ground, because the last person over the finish line is a dead person. Everyone assumes that it will be Serge because of his lame leg. It isn't.

One by one the numbers are whittled down—Serge being led to an execution by the axe after he has explained the who and the what of the situation to Edmund. And to us. The woman is Kali, the Hindu goddess of Death, the Jackal (the black giant, played by *Henry Beker*) one of a number of mute black torturer/executioners favored by the Czar during the heyday of the Russian Imperial Monarchy, the Spider (*Herve Villechaze*, just before he went west to take up service as manservant/gambler opponent to a master assassin named Sceramanga, in 007's latest epic, *MAN WITH THE GOLDEN GUN*—a film which has been discussed in greeter detail in our sister magazine, *DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU*), the embodiment of a French court torturer of some repute. This situation, it seems, is

part of some great cosmic conflict between good and evil and the results are pre-ordained, so all a man should do is accept his fate and go to it joyfully, knowing that death will only reunite the man with his God.

Edmund doesn't quite see it that way. But then, he was still alive, wasn't he? And so was his wife. Serge's wife had been one of the first to die, her face eaten away by acid. Edmund still had a chance.

Nicole knew better. She knew she was going to die, knew Edmund would betray himself to Kali and give the Death Goddess their son, Jason, as a sacrifice merely to save his own worthless life. And die she does, by suicide. And Kali does demand that Edmund make a choice, his son's life for his, one or the other. And Edmund does choose. And he ends up paying the ultimate price.

So, what have we got here? Not a great film, true, but a surprisingly good one, far, far better than the cheapjack, quickie flick horror nonsense that has been trickling onto neighborhood screens these past few years. The production values are excellent, the setting—the film was shot at Val Morin, Province of Quebec, Canada—very beautiful, the location photography doing justice to the lake and the forest and the house. Technically the film was very well done.

The acting was better than usual, too, with performance ranging from very, very good (*Frid*, *Christina Pickles* and *Martine Beswick* being prime examples) to good (*Herve Villechaze*, *Joe Sirola* and *Roger de Koven*) to . . . not so good—but what the hell they weren't on screen that much anyway—(*Troy Donahue*, *Richard Cox*, *Lucy Bingham*, *Mike Meola*). The direction seemed a trifle arty in some spots but it was well up to the material.

The material was something else again.

Granted, horror is a much maligned medium, and granted that a lot of it has been done before and granted all the myriad excuses a person can make for a film of this genre—all equally valid—if it isn't quite up to snuff—anyway, it is in the script



character and they really didn't. It just sort of ended, you know, it didn't really go anywhere. But the idea of the character I'd like to see again. I think my horror things, my playing if it's well motivated and so forth. I just don't want want the narrow typing of being a vampire person and, pardon me, being seen as a monster. That's why I like this picture, *SEIZURE*, because I am . . .

Well, my favorite role is *Richard III* and there isn't a bigger monster in literature than Shakespeare's *Richard III*, but the playing values of it are so magnificent that they overpower any horrible image of him, of what he would look like facially, for example.

MOM: In a sense—say, at the end of *Laurence Olivier's* film of *RICHARD III*, you think, 'What a bastard!' And at the same time you have this sneaking admiration for him as you watch him move from one step to the other, he's always pulling something new and you end up saying "oh man, he's a son-of-a-bitch but he's so smooth."

FRID: I always try to humanize things as much as possible, but the environment of the story, the writing, whatever all that—what I call the peripheral things from my point-of-view—will set up the horror. I play values and the horror is taken care of, takes care of itself. I always go out of character just playing. I mean some things I do in life are horrible to other people but they're not horrible to me, I love doing them. But they may be distasteful. We all do things other people think are distasteful, but you don't think they are—you do them. So, anything I do in a horror story is something I like to do. I'm guilty about it because other people think it's horrible but I love to do this. We do what we want



to do.

MOM: It's like setting out to play something—to play the element 'horror' instead of the realities of character and situation; you end up defeating yourself.

FRID: Incidentally, one thing I learned on *Dark Shadows* is that the audience does half to three-quarters of the acting for you. You just say your lines, go where you're supposed to go and pluck the line—so forth and so on (and this was proven time and time again by personal appearances). People would all ask me about so and so: what's going to happen? And I've even forgotten—I couldn't even remember.

There was one time—we were all sitting around the studio one day and there was one point in the plot we couldn't... we had to be very careful because it related to something that had happened about six months before. And we sat around reading the script one day and we couldn't remember what that thing was. We asked everybody in the building—everybody in the studio—and no one knew. The writers couldn't remember—they all happen to be there that day—they couldn't remember themselves. And I said, "For God's sake, go out on the street; there's always a mob of kids outside every day. Go ask them." And they came right up with the answer. They remembered everything. They imbue the story with all of its colors and everything. They act—they do the acting—and I'm always quite convinced that the audience always does. It's passive, but it's filling in your imagination. Where you leave off, they take over. **MOM:** That's one of the things, I think, that's so rich about live theatre, as opposed to cinema or TV acting; there's audience feedback to

play off of...

FRID: My acting on television or screen is just as live as on the stage, because I play it with the technicians. As a matter of fact it gives me a great thrill to know you can play even off guys who are working while you're doing it. Actually, a lot of them aren't active while you're acting. They do work before and after but they're mostly standing around while the scene is being played. You can sense them. I sense when they're caught up by it and, you know, I sense when they're not.

So, you play to anybody in the studio. You're playing to the director—you're playing to someone; you're not just playing blind just because you're not in a theatre. Your co-workers are your audience. I get great pleasure out of doing that sort of work.

The only thing I miss in the theatre is a long run, where you can really develop a character and be comfortable with it. That's what I miss. But I'm afraid that's my curse—is that I think my acting is as good as it ever will be under duress...

It's an awful realization I have come to, and that is that you're better when you're a little out of control than when you're in control of all your faculties. I tend to slack—no matter how hard I try; I don't consciously slack, and I consciously work harder. But there's just that something that is magic that works when you're under duress and it irritates me, because I love to be in control of everything and know exactly what I'm going to do. I want to be the complete, the consummate artist. I don't think that'll ever happen—I don't think that's my temperament. My temperament works best under duress.

MOM: It's very strange, thinking

back again, your desire to be in control of everything. Shifting back to Edmund, your character in *SEIZURE*, he was in a way in control of the dream situation and yet he was out of control. But you could almost say he was in control when he died.

You got the feeling that he probably sensed where this was leading him. To have this nightmare occur over and over again, each time a little more terrible... because in the original memory sequence where he's running and being chased by the dwarf, it's night. And yet, when it actually happens in the film, it's dawn—which is wierd in and of itself, because Kali had said whoever survives until dawn will be allowed to live. And then it seems that she's been faked out; you think, 'oh, the sun's up; he'll be all right now.' But she wasn't and he wasn't and it wasn't and that was that.

To turn to another problem you said you were having; how many problems—if any—have you had going for roles with this image you have of being the consummate vampire?

FRID: Yeah. Yeah. I never gained anything as an actor, you know. Since that show, it's been very difficult for me. I've been offered a number of things—all in the monster—um—vein. At first I wouldn't touch anything in the horror thing; you know, anything. But I had to compromise there. And I'm glad I have and I've got myself together, that I mustn't be so stubborn that I wouldn't play in horror stories. Because I know I'm going to get work that way, as long as the character is interesting.

Certainly I'm not—if I play this role, and it seems likely that I will be, in *HOUSE OF THE KILLER*

APES—certainly I'm not going to build an endearing following to that one. This man I don't know—depends on how I, how things might shape up in some strange way. Certainly, at first, Barnabas was not terribly interesting. I think I brought the human thing to that.

And even on this picture, SEIZURE. Edmund's a despicable man but yet, he has a conscience. Oh well, I mean, he wouldn't be having a nightmare if he didn't have a conscience. But this character in HOUSE OF THE KILLER APES just has no conscience at all. He's out there and he photographs—he films scenes of people being mangled by these apes. And that's going to be a pretty tough pill to swallow for anybody who follows that career of—I don't know—the 'charming' Jonathan Frid

I suppose that's one way of looking at the situation. On the other hand, one might look at HOUSE OF THE KILLER APES—horror cliché as the title sounds—as just another facet in the multi-talented career of one of the more celebrated horror film actors of the last two decades. And hope that it heralds a day when Jonathan Frid is seen by the viewing public considerably more often than once or twice every couple of years.

Until then, all one can do, is watch. And wait. And think back to those glorious days of yesteryear, when the organ ticked off its eerie theme, and those titles spiraled out of the surf and we returned once more to the slightly scary, slightly zany, slightly amusing, *never* dull world of Collingwood Mansion and Barnabas Collins. The world of *Dark Shadows*.

—Chris Claremont

Seizure

that the film comes up a fair cropper. Because the script is not that terrific.

Firstly, the basic premise of this film is that something horrible is happening to Edmund, a fact that is conveyed more by Jon Frid's performance than by any clues in the script. We see bits of his dream and see from his reaction after waking up that he's scared stiff by it. Or, at least, by something. Yet we never learn any specifics as to why this is all happening. At the end, during the final voice-over, we find out that he was the Edgar Allan Poe of modern American fiction—and that is supposed to justify/cover all the preceding two hours worth of strangeness and it doesn't. It seems like an afterthought, tacked on to give the film some point. If the fact that he is this kind of writer is important—perhaps crucial—to our understanding of the character and the situation what the hell is it doing at the end of the last reel. And if it isn't, it's gratuitous and misleading and it shouldn't be there at all.

This script never establishes any real emotional connections

between audience and characters. We do not know more than a few isolated bits about these people—many supplied by the actors themselves—and consequently don't really care about them. Indeed, some we actively dislike and have no qualms about seeing get murdered—Uncle Charlie being the prime example. You're ready to cheer when he goes, until you realize how he's going. Yeech! But the horror in that scene is the physical action of the execution—the fact that this man's skull is being squashed like a ripe grapefruit or pumpkin—not that the man himself is being executed. He sort of deserves it and good riddance.

And, therefore, with the audience not really caring, except for a few isolated characters in a few isolated scenes, and not really involved, the film loses a great deal of its potential impact. Which is a pity because it has a lot going for it and it should have been a lot better. What separates it from the usual run-of-the-mill horror flick is that SEIZURE could have been a lot better, and one is angry that it isn't. One cares about this film, the rest are quickly forgotten.

Like the man said, you can't win 'em all.

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SCOPE... MONSTERSCOPE... M

(Continued from page 29)
mosphere.

Overall, the film receives my highest recommendation—but its' effect on individual viewers is as unpredictable as the film itself. If you are a student of special effects, that is reason enough to see it. Just be warned, as the Magic Theatre itself claims... NOT FOR EVERYONE.

STEPPENWOLF, a D/R (Design Research) Films release, starring Max Von Sydow (of *THE EXORCIST* fame), Dominique Sanda, and Pierre Clementi. It was written and directed by Frank Haines, adapted from the novel by Hermann Hesse. Animation designer was Jaroslav Bradac. The paintings used for the Magic Theatre were by Mati Klarwein. Gunther Schait was responsible for the special effects.

—J. Warner

WATCH FOR JOURNEY INTO FEAR, directed by Daniel Mann, and starring Vincent Price, Shelley Winters, Donald Pleasance, Yvette Mimieux and Zero Mostel.

THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW, Fox' screen version of the monstrously successful Hollywood stageplay that satirizes horror films; starring Barry Bostwick, Tim Curry, Patricia Quinn, Jonathan Adams, Little Nell and Charles Gray, scripted by Richard O'Brien and Jim Sharman.

THE VAMPIRE BEAST CRAVES BLOOD with Peter Cushing, and **NIGHT OF DEATH** with Nathaniel Taylor, Pat Wiley, Vernon Waters and Demetrius Ali Folk.

SHERLOCK HOLMES, a special two-hour NBC-TV Movie based on three of Conan Doyle's classic short stories.

THE ISLAND OF DR. MOREAU, from Fox, produced by Sandy Howard; a new film version of the classic H.G. Wells novel, originally filmed by Paramount in 1932 as *THE ISLAND OF LOST SOULS*, with Charles Laughton and Bela Lugosi.

THE HOUSE THAT VANISHED, starring Andrea Allan, Karl

Lanchbury, Maggie Walker and Peter Lorbes-Robertson, a terror tale of unspeakable evil doings, directed by Joseph Lanza, and released by American International.

MAGNA ONE, a science fiction epic produced by Sandy Howard, and set in the undersea world of the year 2075.

ASTOUNDING

ANTHOLOGY—In his Introduction to *ASTOUNDING*, A JOHN W. CAMPBELL MEMORIAL



Post art for *STEPPENWOLF*

ANTHOLOGY (Ballantine, \$1.95), Isaac Asimov writes that after John Campbell became editor of *Astounding Science Fiction Magazine* in 1937, at the age of 27, Campbell "by his own example and by his instruction and by his undeviating and persisting insistence... forced first *Astounding* and then all science fiction into his mold.

"In a phrase, he blotted out the purple of pulp. Instead, he demanded that science fiction writers understand science and understand people, a hard requirement that many of the established writers of the 1930s could

not meet. Campbell did not compromise because of that: those who could not meet his requirements could not sell to him, and the carnage was as great as it had been in Hollywood a decade before, when silent movies had given way to the talkies."

John W. Campbell was a shaper of science fiction, probably the most influential force the field has ever known, and *The Astounding Anthology*, edited by Harry Harrison, is an original paperback collection of science fiction stories by writers, famous today, who Campbell had developed in the pages of his precedent-setting magazine—which a decade ago, he title-changed to *Analog Science Fact-Science Fiction* because "he felt the new name no longer smacked of the juvenility of science fiction's magazine beginnings."

Theodore Sturgeon, Poul Anderson, Clifford D. Simak, Hal Clement, Isaac Asimov, I. Sprague de Camp, Mack Reynolds, Alfred Bester, George O. Smith and other writers Campbell either discovered or greatly influenced are all well-represented in the memorial anthology, with a grand total of some 13 brand-new stories of the kind Campbell pioneered—the kind that ultimately changed the face of science fiction, and inevitably affected science fiction in all other media too, including movies, radio and TV.

The stories here, from Anderson's "Lodestar" through Harrison's "The Mothballed Spaceship" are all real science fiction, and if you ever wanted to find out what *real* science fiction is all about, you need look no further than *Astounding Anthology*.

The cover is by Kelly Freas; a reproduction of his famous "Robot Holding Man" cover which appeared on the October, 1953 issue of *Astounding*. Campbell introduced Freas to science fiction, and all the stories in the new paperback are appropriately enough highlighted by black and white illustrations by this most famous artist of science fiction and fantasy.

RSCOPE... MONSTERSCOPE

MONSTERSCOPE



EXORCIST

SECRETS—Howard Newman has written *The Exorcist: The Strange Story Behind The Film* (Pinnacle, \$1.50), and if there was ever anything you ever wanted to know about the making of *THE EXORCIST*, this is a book for you.

Newman was the Unit Publicist on *THE EXORCIST*, and this illustrated paperback covers the entire *EXORCIST* movie project, starting with author William Peter Blatty's sale of his best-seller novel to Warner Bros., director William Friedkin's concept for film adaptation, the all-important casting of the film, the writing of the script, how Dick Smith created many of the horrific makeups, hazards and mishaps that occurred during filming; and clear through to the editing of *THE EXORCIST*, its release to theatres, and the sometimes hysterical, if not totally lunatic reactions of audiences while seeing the final print.

Along the way, Newman also gives an interesting, comprehensive history of real-life exorcisms, and tells how Blatty came to write the original novel in the first place; citing the true life case of exorcism upon which the novel was based, and how it came to Blatty's attention.

Besides revealing *THE*

STRANGE STORY BEHIND THE FILM, the book also gives you a very good, overall picture of what it's like to make a movie—any kind of movie—and whether or not you've ever had particular questions about *THE EXORCIST* (and who hasn't!). Newman's book should prove interesting to anybody who's at all curious about taking a first-hand, behind the scenes look at movie-making in action.

IS GOOD FOR A GANDER—

GOOSEFLESH is the title for a really neat new horror anthology edited by Vic Giddalia, published by Berkeley Medallion Books. I landed upon the adjective "neat" not only because it is pleasant sounding and carries very positive connotations, but also because it describes this collection in its more literal sense—a tidier... that is, more well rounded... collection you'll be hard pressed to find. We have one old standard, a few not-so-often-seens that are solid representations of what made their respective authors so well liked by strong followings; a nice breezy SF story that combines horror and action and even a Robert L. Howard (creator of *CONAN*) story that you're not likely to have seen much anywhere else.

The book is fun to read. Vic Giddalia has a very good instinct for well-paced, well-written stories and how to put them together and make them fit uniformly into the whole. He doesn't waste the readers time with a long, dull introduction, followed by the additional ego-bo of individual story intros. Indeed not. As a matter of fact, you could easily read this book and not know who Vic is involved unless you look at the cover—which is the only thing I've got to complain about. I think this book deserves a stronger cover.

Once you pick up the book, you will not put it down!

One other thing—the book (a new release) is very reasonably priced at 75 cents. That's a steal in this day and age.

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when I planned to retire before fifty

this is the business that made it possible

a true story by John B. Haikley

Starting with borrowed money, in just eight years I gained financial security, sold out at a profit and retired.



"Not until I was forty did I make up my mind that I was going to retire before ten years had passed. I knew I couldn't do it on a salary, no matter how good. I knew I couldn't do it working for others. It was perfectly obvious to me that I had to start a business of my own. But that posed a problem. What kind of business? Most of my money was tied up. Temporarily I was broke. But, when I found the business I wanted I was able to start it for a small amount of borrowed money.

"To pyramid this investment into retirement in less than ten years seems like magic, but in my opinion any man in good health who has the same ambition and drive that motivated me, could achieve such a goal. Let me give you a little history.

"I finished high school at the age of 18 and got a job as a shipping clerk. My next job was butchering at a plant that processed boneless beef. Couldn't see much future there. Next, I got a job as a Greyhound Bus Driver. The money was good. The work was pleasant, but I couldn't see it as leading to retirement. Finally I took the plunge and went into business for myself.

"I managed to raise enough money with my savings to invest in a combination motel, restaurant, grocery, and service station. It didn't take long to get my eyes opened. In order to keep that business going my wife and I worked from dawn to dusk, 20 hours a day, seven days a week. Putting in all those hours didn't match my idea of independence and it gave me no time for my favorite sport—golf! Finally we both agreed that I should look for something else.

"I found it. Not right away. I investigated a lot of businesses offered as franchises. I felt that I wanted the guidance of an experienced company—wanted to have the benefit of the plans that had brought success to others, plus the benefit of running my own business under an established name that had national recognition.

"Most of the franchises offered were too costly for me. Temporarily all my capital was frozen in the motel. But I found that the Duraclean franchise

offered me exactly what I had been looking for.

"I could start for a small amount. (Today, less than \$1500 starts a Duraclean dealership.) I could work it as a one-man business to start. No salary to pay. I could operate from my home. No office or shop or other overhead. For transportation, I could use the trunk of my car. (I bought the truck later, out of profits). And best of all, there was no ceiling on my earnings. I could build a business as big as my ambition and energy dictated. I could put on as many men as I needed to cover any volume. I could make a profit on every man working for me. And I could build little by little, or as fast as I wished.

"So, I started. I took the wonderful training furnished by the company. When I was ready I followed the simple plan outlined in the training. During the first period I did all the service work myself. By doing it myself, I could make much more per hour than I had ever made on a salary. Later, I would hire men, train them, pay them well, and still make an hourly profit on their time that made my idea of retirement possible—I had joined the country club and now I could play golf whenever I wished.

"What is this wonderful business? It's Duraclean. And what is Duraclean? It's an improved, space-age process for cleaning up-soiled furniture, rugs, and tacked down carpets. It not only cleans but it enlivens and sparkles up the colors. It does not wear down the fiber or drive part of the dirt into the base of the rug as machine scrubbing of carpeting does. Instead it lifts out the dirt by means of an absorbent dry foam.

"Furniture dealers and department stores refer their customers to the Duraclean Specialist. Insurance men say Duraclean can save them money on fire claims. Hotels, motels, specialty shops and big stores make annual contracts for keeping their carpets and furniture

fresh and clean. One Duraclean Specialist recently signed a contract for over \$40,000 a year for just one hotel.

"Well, that's the business I was able to start with such a small investment. That's the business I built up over a period of eight years. And, that's the business I sold out at a substantial profit before I was fifty."

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